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FRANK HAYWORTH GLANCED TOWARD THE WINDOW, AND THERE SAW A HIDEOUS FACE.

## \$50,000 Reward;

### THE ROMANCE OF A RUBY RING.

A PHILADELPHIA HISTORY AND MYSTERY.

BY WM. MASON TURNER, M. D.,

Author of "The Masked Miner," "Under Bail," "Silver Hoops," etc., etc.

#### CHAPTER V.

##### THE DAMNING PROOF.

"Tara cold blast, rudely blowing in from the street, fanned the throbbing temples of Sadie Sayton, and the blinding snow struck her full in the face, as she lay, limp and helpless, in the arms of Wildfern.

"The man glared over her beautiful face and form, and a devilish luster, a wicked look of triumph—gleamed in his eye. He and Sadie Sayton—the girl between him and whom was an old-time link of some sort—were alone in that dark, cold entrance, into which the snow-storm was beating. The box-agent was just extinguishing his light, and the night-watchman was coming up the steps.

"Hullo! what's this, mister?" he asked, sternly, as he saw dimly the form of a woman, locked in the arms of a tall, bearded man.

"No harm, my good fellow," replied Wildfern. "Only a girl fainted from the close air; but she will soon come round, and I'll see her safe home."

The watchman said nothing more, but casting a suspicious glance at Wildfern, passed on into the booth of the theater.

The man-about-town drew the limp form closer to him in his steady grasp; he felt her warm breath faintly upon his bearded face. He suddenly bent his head over her—his lips were almost touching those of the innocent, unconscious maiden, when suddenly a shiver passed over the girl.

Her eyes opened; she staggered to her feet, and, summoning her strength, she uttered a low cry and darted into the street.

Willis Wildfern strode after her, and both were quickly lost in the stormy night.

In a half-minute Sadie stood at the corner of Twelfth street. She paused as if shot, for, at that instant, two forms—one a tall man, the other a slender woman—the latter clinging to the arm of the former—passed by swiftly, going down Twelfth street.

And Sadie had heard a well-known voice say: "Be brave, be hopeful, Agnes! We will pray for the best; but if the worst is to be realized, look to me, Agnes—trust me always, and God be my judge! I will not desert you!"

And then the two were across Chestnut street, and out of ear-shot.

Sadie Sayton gazed after them with a wild, meaningless stare, as they crossed Chestnut street. For an instant she clung to an awning-post for support.

"Fate bids me on! I must see the end of this. I must learn if he is true or false to me! I must follow on, whithersoever they lead! Oh, God! and he my idol! I must!"

The remainder of this sentence was lost, as the girl strode away down Twelfth street, keeping in sight those whom she followed, and who were now far ahead.

Willis Wildfern chuckled low to himself. "Ha! ha!" he said, in a low tone of triumph, "I'm in luck, and I'll turn this little circumstance to good account! I must own that girl. I must have her money—real

stuff! And Mr. Frank Hayworth, look to yourself, for I am on your track—a fire-brand in my hand! And the link between this dazzling beauty and the vagrant player? I'll learn it yet, for I have the ring. Strange things may have happened since 1861. Well, we'll see! And she a perfect Hebe still! Ye gods! And now I'll hold on to this prize until she consents, by fair means or foul, to be my wife! Lucky dog that I am, that circumstances should thus befriended me! And I can and will yet win her, or she is proof to devotion and flattery, and is different from the great majority of her sex. I'll follow on and see the end of this farce—a proper conclusion to the evening's entertainment. By Jove! the girl is in earnest, and—why, it'll be the same."

Speaking thus, the man hurried along swiftly behind Sadie—now a considerable distance in advance.

Frank Hayworth and Agnes hastened on their way. They heeded not the wild storm which was raging around them. On they sped, not a word being spoken by either. The young man heard the labored, heavy breathing of the poor girl; he felt her weight momentarily dragging more and more upon his arm. But he dared not pause; he already feared that they would be too late, and then, they were fast nearing their destination.

At length they reached Catharine street, far away, and turned up at once to the right. Hurrying on a few moments, they paused suddenly before a low, dilapidated house, which, from its appearance, had borne the brunt of many storms.

A light gleamed from a window near the top of the house; with this exception, the lowly habitation was in gloom.

In a moment the door was opened, and the actor and his charge disappeared inside.

Sadie Sayton, hanging close behind, had watched them keenly. Her feet were cold and numb; her hands almost pulseless.

As she saw the two walkers halt before the old habitation, she likewise paused, shrinking away in the deep, drifted snow, under the dark shadows of the house nearest her. And when, they whom she watched disappeared from view, the lonely girl heaved a deep sigh, and was about to turn off.

Just then she saw, on the opposite side of the street, the reflection of light from the window of the old house. In that reflected glimmer she beheld spectral shadows moving about. Waiting not a moment, she hurried across the street.

At that instant a long, piercing wall rang out from the old house, and Sadie, glancing up, saw distinctly him who had played Hawkshaw holding a girl in his arms.

And then Sadie Sayton sunk swooning in the snow.

Another moment and the tall form of Willis Wildfern towered over her.

#### CHAPTER VI.

A LEAF FROM AN OLD BOOK.

On the banks of the James river, in the county of Charles City, Virginia, embowered

in the midst of a spreading grove of oaks, stood the storm-stained mansion of old Colonel Mantion Sayton—the house known for years as the Sayton Manor.

A lordly, aristocratic old mansion it was. Built of English brick, which, before the war for Independence, were brought over from the mother country, and put up by builders who prided themselves on their work, the massive, substantial structure was well calculated to stand the storms which, for more than one hundred years, had beaten upon it.

The residence had been in the family of the Saytons ever since it was built by the old cavalier, Sir Charles, who, for some political reason, was forced to leave his native land, and who, with his family, had come to the then-wilds of America.

He settled down near the James river, and built the almost royal old mansion, which to-day bears his family's name.

The manor had escaped the ravages of the old Revolutionary War, by being taken as the headquarters of an English General, and had passed through the seven long years of strife unscathed.

When that dismal period of blood and carnage had passed, and the ominous battle-clouds which had hung in the air so long a time were blown away by the sounding clarion of peace, the owner of the mansion still found himself master of the old ancestral halls, and of the hundreds of rolling acres spreading around him on all sides.

And so on, down to our day, has the mansion been owned and cared for by those who loved it and its memory.

Colonel Sayton, the possessor of the manor—at the time we have chosen for our story—had well maintained the prestige of his family. And though in his day, too, clouds had lowered over him, yet those clouds had now blown away, and he was happy that he again lived in the old mansion—happy in the company of his charming daughter, Sadie—the link which bound him tenderly to the memory of his dead wife, sleeping in the quiet grave-yard in the garden; happy as he passed his time on the spreading farm, and in the quiet precincts of the old manor.

Sadie, his child, was pretty as a nymph, warm-hearted, whole-souled, well-educated, joyous and light-hearted, devotedly fond of her father, heeding his slightest wish, considering it a heinous sin if she failed to please him in the slightest particular.

She was as artless and as innocent as she was beautiful and fascinating. No wonder her old father considered her as the "apple of his eye," no wonder that she was the queen of the country—nay, of the Tidewater district itself—and that, as such, she reigned undisputed monarch in the hearts of more than one susceptible swain of the neighborhood.

Living about a mile from the manor, and further down the river, was another family—one as old and as proud as that of the Saytons; but it was, in one sense, what might be termed a "broken-down" family.

Hugh Hill, the owner of this farm, dated

his ancestry far back in the dead ages, and found his family-name in the landed gentry of England. At one time he had been rich; but, fox-hunting, a reckless disregard of money, and a lavish hospitality, had made a serious inroad into his treasury. And then, the old man only made a respectable living.

Too late he had awakened to the folly of his past course, and to the dread reality of the future. It was a hard matter for such a person as the open-handed, genial-souled Hugh Hill to stare poverty in the face.

Then the old man determined to turn over a new leaf—to start life again. But, just as his resolves were formed, the hollow tones of the tocsin of war echoed through the land, and the red brand of battle crimsoned the sky.

At that time his only child, a son, Allan, by name, was absent at William-and-Mary college. The old gentleman was determined that his darling boy should have a good education, already knowing that, were the debts, fast accumulating on the old farm, paid off, he could give Allan nothing else than an education.

Between the two families living so near together, there was no cordiality—no friendship—as might reasonably have been expected. An old feud, dating back for several generations, divided them, and made the two representatives of the families scowl at one another, when, by chance, they met.

Hugh Hill was a hot-headed, impulsive man—one who fancied that every word spoken in his company in an undertone was something leveled at him. But, he was an honorable, high-minded man.

Unfortunately, Colonel Sayton was just as hot-headed as the other, and interpreted every thing coming from the Hill family as an affront offered himself.

But, Colonel Sayton had another characteristic—one strange for a person living in his section of the land—strange for one, in most matters, so liberal—for one so careful and proud of the prestige of his family. He was not a stingy, close-fisted man; but he was one who worshiped money, and prized the influence it gave. He had no dealings with poor men; and when Hugh Hill became bankrupt, then there was indeed a yawning chasm, which could not be bridged, between him and Colonel Sayton.

The black war was sweeping over the land, and Allan Hill was suddenly summoned home from college. By a great effort, his father had raked together an amount sufficient to defray the expenses of the completion of his son's education abroad, and the young man was to go at once.

We will not dwell here; we are writing simply a love-story—not a war-chronicle—and we'll hasten on.

It can not be supposed that Sadie Sayton and Allan Hill had never met. This was almost an impossibility, taking into consideration the surrounding circumstances.

The two young folks, despite the animosity existing between the families, had met, and—long ago—Sadie Sayton certainly reigned in Allan Hill's bosom as queen of love and beauty. The youth madly worshiped the girl, and it was easy for him to see that his love was reciprocated.

Then came the impulsive proposal—the mad appeal. Then the sudden starting, the vicious crimsoning; then the warm, outgushing woman's love; then the half-articulate "YES!"

And then the old story of the quarrel.

But they cared not for this.

Allan Hill and Sadie Sayton were engaged to be married in the year 1861—accretly, of course. But, then grew up between them a high wall—a barrier which seemed to sunder them forever.

Colonel Sayton frowned, and his face grew as black as midnight, when one day Allan Hill boldly appeared at the manor and asked to see Sadie. Strange to say, he did see the girl; but when he called again with "unblushing front," as the colonel termed it, he failed to see Sadie.

The old gentleman himself met the young man, and told him plainly never again to darken his doors, and that he would not countenance him there, as long as the memory of past events remained with him.

With anger swelling in his bosom, and fire flashing from his eyes, Allan Hill had turned, and without reply soever, left the mansion, mounted his horse and galloped away.

But he had not forgotten Sadie, or turned his back upon her. He still found means of communicating with her, and they met frequently—clandestinely, of course.

Then Allan Hill went to Europe.

About this time a stranger made his appearance at Sayton Manor. By education, at least, he was evidently a gentleman; and his dress and deportment also pointed him out as such. The young man—he was young, and a tall, fine-looking fellow, too—had come down, so he said, on a boat from Richmond, on a hunting expedition. Having missed the returning steamer, he applied at the mansion, late that day, for hospitality. He was not refused; his appearance was, with the colonel, a guaranty of respectability.

This young man and Sadie Sayton met. In an instant, as if by instinct, the girl knew that his heart had bounded at her presence.

Women soon learn this. Maybe by magic. She was not mistaken; for, before the stranger took his departure next day, he had managed to convey to Sadie, most unobtrusively, proofs of his admiration. But, mistakably, proofs of his coldness, especially when the stranger made close and impudent inquiries into the pecuniary affairs of her father.

In a week from that time, the young man came again—this time arrayed in all the elegance of fashion.

As the stranger's political views agreed with the colonel's—which had been learned

in the former visit—his visit, though taking the old Virginian by surprise, was nevertheless not distasteful to him.

Not so with Sadie; she trembled violently as she saw the man walking up the wharf-way toward the house. She had a foreboding of evil—that evil connected with this man—and to befall herself. But she met him with an inborn dignity peculiar to her, though her manner was frigidly distant and reserved.

The stranger remained a week, and in that time—without the colonel's knowledge or consent—managed to pay formal court and address to the girl.

Sadie was thunderstruck and shrunk frightened away. But she refused him point blank, and expressed her indignation at his course. The man was stung to fury, and used harsh, insulting language.

The girl was about to speak for help, but the fellow placed his hand over her mouth, and put a pistol to her head, making her promise to reveal nothing until he had gone.

More dead than alive, Sadie Sayton had sunk back in a swoon. When she awoke to consciousness the stranger had gone.

And then Sadie tremblingly told her father all. The old man's rage was ungovernable. The very next day he went to Richmond—taking especial pains before he left home to stick a brace of old-fashioned dueling-pistols in his carpet-bag.

But the next morning he returned from a fruitless errand. The stranger had left Richmond.

At that time Sadie was not quite sixteen. And the name the stranger gave was Willis Wildfern.

Then the hideous BLACK WAVE of civil war, which had come so suddenly, finally rolled away, and Colonel Sayton was still the owner of his old mansion; he was soon again surrounded by plenty.

Not so, however, with Hugh Hill. He had died suddenly some time before, and his ancient residence had been burned by a band of raiding horsemen.

At last, after a long absence abroad, Allan Hill came home, crushed in spirits at the death of his father; and when he reached the old farm, he found himself homeless, and almost without a penny.

Time passed. Allan and Sadie met again. They were still true to each other; but, that barrier already erected in the past, had grown broader and higher between them. For Allan Hill had soon sold the old farm-lands, and with the proceeds paid his father's debts. This left him poverty-stricken.

Between the young man and Colonel Sayton there was a cold reserve, a tacit declaration of war which was unmistakable.

Colonel Sayton was a proud old man—an unjust old man. He was not exactly mean, nor can we say that he regarded money as a sole guaranty for worth. Yet, remembering the way in which Allan Hill had lost his property, the old gentleman grew extremely serious as the young man—at last entirely disregarding him and his commands—continued his visits to Sadie. Then the father hinted to his daughter that the young fellow's visits were distasteful to him.

But, this time Sadie paid no heed to her father's words. Then the old gentleman got very angry, and peremptorily bade the girl discard her lover.

Then Sadie Sayton's eyes flashed fire, as she openly avowed her undying love for Allan Hill.

Colonel Sayton was almost dumfounded at this, though he answered not a word; but, when the young man came again, the stern old father met him ere he alighted from his horse.

The words they spoke were few. Colonel Sayton telling Allan, angrily, never again to put foot in his house, until he could keep a bank account. Young Hill retorting that the day would come when the Colonel would welcome him at his proud old mansion.

Then they parted.

The dark night following this altercation, Allan Hill stood on the wharf awaiting the arrival of the "John Sylvester." By his side was Sadie Sayton. He slipped upon her finger a ring with a ruby-setting; she pinned in his shirt-front a diamond scarf-pin.

Then, the steamer's lights were in sight. Ten minutes later Allan Hill had parted from the girl he loved, stepped aboard the steamer, and was gone into the world to make that which would enable him—to keep a bank account.

#### CHAPTER VII.

BY A DEATH-BED.

FRANK HAYWORTH's heart beat fast as, with Agnes Hope hanging on his arm, he paused at the foot of the rickety staircase to allow the poor girl time to get her breath.

The young man heard the labored breathing struggling from the panting bosom; he felt the thin arm dragging so heavily, so tremulously upon his, and he knew that the maiden was exhausted.

So for a moment he lingered at the foot of the stairway, in the gloomy, unit passage, and supporting the flinching form of the girl in his own strong grasp, he waited until she had, in a measure, recovered from her tedious walk through the snow.

As they stood there silently in the dark passage, no sound breaking the perfect quiet, save the sad, hollow shriekings of the wind, moaning around the corners and under the eaves of the old house, suddenly a faint, half-gurgling groan echoed feebly from the room above. Then again and again. And then a fluttering voice was heard speaking in tremulous tones.

And then the half-subdued, yet heavy footsteps withal of a man shook the room as he walked across the floor.

Agnes Hope rallied herself, and summoning a sudden energy, said, in a low voice: "Come—come, Frank! We must go! 'Tis mother, and—and—we may be too late. Come!"

The young man strove not to keep; but he whispered in her ear:

"Again, Agnes, I beg you to be brave, and to remember that I am your friend to death! Now, Agnes, lean on me, and come along. And be prepared, my poor girl, for the worst. There—there—Agnes, do not tremble so; trust in God, and rely on my friendship!"

So speaking, Frank Hayworth, almost lifting the girl in his arms, commenced the ascent of the stairs. In a moment the top was reached.

And that moment the door of the front room was opened, and the robust form of the kind-hearted physician stood there in the broad flash of light streaming from the apartment.

And then another gurgling groan echoed in the silent air.

Agnes Hope trembled as, leaning on the actor's arm, she panted heavily.

"Is it you, Agnes?" asked the doctor, in a low voice, as he peered into the gloom. His voice was subdued—just above a whisper, and, in his tones, there was something of sympathy.

"Yes, doctor," replied the girl; "it is I. I am with Mr. Hayworth." As she spoke she came forward into the light.

"I am glad you are here, Agnes, my child," said the physician, in the same kind tone. "Be not cast down, my poor girl, but come in, and see your mother. You have no time to lose."

So saying, the humane gentleman took Agnes by the hand, and beckoning the young man to follow, led the girl into the humble room.

A single oil-lamp on the mantelpiece flung its light over the apartment. Feeble as were the rays, they were sufficiently strong to reveal the poverty of the apartment—the curtainless window, the worm-eaten sashes—the damp, moldy walls—the bare floor—the broken chairs, and the scanty bed with its meager covering.

On that bed lay a thin-faced, pallid woman, her lips apart, the struggling breath coming and going at long intervals—the thin eyes, almost meaningless and staring, thrown back and fixed, the skinny hands outside the cover digging the skeleton-like fingers into the bedclothes.

Relinquishing the hand of Agnes, the physician stepped lightly to the mantel, and took therefrom a glass containing a fluid. He leaned over the bed of the dying woman, and placed his hands gently upon her arm.

"Arouse, Mrs. Hope, and drink this potion; Agnes is here," and then he lifted her head gently, as he placed the liquid to her lips.

Without hesitating, the sufferer swallowed the invigorating draught.

In a moment the fiery liquid had flashed through her sinking frame—the eyes lost their strong stare—the hands unclenched their grasp, and the panting breath came more regularly.

Turning her eyes wearily on the physician, the dying woman murmured in a low voice, incoherently—unmeaningly:

"Agnes! Agnes! did you say, doctor? No! Agnes is not here; she is at the playhouse, laughing and jesting on the boards! She is Emily St. Evermond, to-night. And then—ha! ha! She afterward marries Green Jones, you know! She told me all about it, and how her heart would ache, when remembering her old mother all alone at home. She would have to go on the stage, and laugh and smirk, and say silly things to please the people! Poor—poor Agnes! But, she is not here, doctor, and—Ha! doctor, I feel faint! I am dying, doctor, and Agnes, my child—away!"

As she spoke a wild shudder swept over her frame, and with a startled look of sudden fright, she closed her eyes.

The physician had allowed her to rattle on in her wild, random talk, without attempting to check; but, as soon as she ceased speaking of her own accord, he quickly placed his sensitive finger over the throbbing artery of the neck. Then, as a painful look spread over his face, he beckoned Agnes to him, and leaning down, half-shouted in the ear of the dying woman:

"Arouse yourself! arouse yourself, for your daughter's sake! Agnes is here to bid you farewell!"

But the poor woman gave no reply. At the name of Agnes, there was a faint quivering about the nostril, a just perceptible lifting of the thin upper lip. Then a terrible shiver passed over her frame—then another, and another—then a long, feebly-drawn breath.

The physician turned away.

"Dead!" he said, in a voice almost inaudible.

Then came the long wailing shriek, as poor Agnes reeled back, and fell in the ready arms of Frank Hayworth.

At that moment the window-sash was shaken, and a wild laugh rung in the room.

Frank Hayworth glanced thitherward and saw a hideous face.

In an instant the face was gone.

(To be continued—Commenced in No. 25.)

Behind the Scenes. The trials and triumphs of the stage are painted with a free hand in the fascinating story of the Ruby Ring. Dr. Turner evidently is fully "posted" in the premises.

## THE GERMAN SAILOR'S SONG.

BY A. W. BELLAW.

Over many a sea and scene,  
Under many a star in heaven,  
We, birds of passage, have been,  
Thriving the morn and even—  
Have given the sea a hand  
To hold forever and over,  
Yet we sing of our Fatherland,  
And sigh for our Mother river.

All things sweet are there  
That childhood's hope hath clung to,  
All things there are fair  
Which manhood's heart hath hung to:  
There tears fell on the hand  
That scarce could bear to sever,  
And shook for our Fatherland,  
Beside our Mother river.

And oh! when keen gales move  
To bear us on our mission,  
Those dear heart-harbors of love  
Grow dearer in each vision;  
They give strength to each hand,  
And to each heart endeavor—  
Dear homes of our Fatherland,  
Where flows our Mother river.

With wine of no alien vine,  
Abreast the Southern ocean,  
Dreaming of the Rhine,  
We pour dear love's devotion;  
And each with glass in hand,  
Which somehow will strangely quiver,  
Quaffs deep to our Fatherland—  
Pledging our Mother river.

## The Scarlet Hand:

OR,  
The Orphan Heiress of Fifth Avenue.  
A STORY OF NEW YORK HEARTS AND HOMES.

BY ALBERT W. AIKEN,

AUTHOR OF "THE ACE OF SPADES," ETC.

### CHAPTER XX.

THE SCHEME OF THE TOMBS LAWYER.

In a dingy law-office, hardly a stone's throw from the New York Tombs—that celebrated pile—sat two men beside a table, on which lay a handful of folded legal papers, yellow and misty with age.

The little sign upon the door of this office bore the inscription, "T. WEISEL, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW." And one of the men who sat by the table was T. Weisel, Esq., in person.

Timothy Weisel was a lawyer of the class popularly known as "Tombs shysters." One of the kind who accepted any thing from a client, in the shape of fees, from a five-dollar "greenback" down to a pawn-ticket for a pocket-handkerchief. All was fish that came to his net.

In person, the lawyer was a little fellow, spare in figure, and with a sharp-peaked face, wherein was set a pair of sharp gray eyes, deeply sunken in the head and overhung by protruding eyebrows.

The face of the lawyer, somehow, gave one an idea of a rat—of an animal who was at war with all the world—who would rather run than fight, and yet would, when cornered and forced to it, fight fiercely.

The lawyer was rather shabbily clad in a rusty black suit; and, from his personal appearance, one would have been apt to quickly guess that the world had not gone well with him lately.

The guess would have been an apt one, too, for fortune and Timothy Weisel, Attorney-at-law, had not been close friends for some time past. But if the truth be told, it was the lawyer's fault. Being fond of liquor, he had neglected his business, taken to drinking bad whisky, and thus put into his stomach what should have gone on his back.

Weisel was a smart lawyer in his way. He had few equals in criminal practice in New York. Not that he had ever handled any important cases; but in minor trials many a poor devil had reason to bless his lucky stars that he had retained lawyer Weisel for his counsel, and thus had saved himself a trip to the "Island," or perhaps to Sing Sing. Weisel was clever as a pet-dogger. No keener eye was there than his, to detect a flaw in an indictment, among all the members of the New York bar. And, although Weisel had indulged in some pretty sharp practice at times, and had incurred the enmity of all his professional brethren who claimed to be respectable, by inserting advertisements in the papers headed, "DIVORCES PROCURED WITHOUT PUBLICITY, ETC.," still he was sharp enough to keep just within bounds, and afforded his enemies no excuse for flinging him over the "bars."

The companion of Mr. Weisel was a thick-set, muscular fellow, with a bulldog-like face. He was known as Billy O'Kay, and was notorious among the frequenters of the various courts of justice in New York as a "straw-bailist." That is, when a man was put under bonds for some offense—for instance, for assault and battery; for folks do get arrested, even in New York, for such a thing, sometimes; Billy would "put in an appearance" with some respectable-looking gentleman in black, who would swear that he was Mr. So-and-so, of No. — Third avenue, coal dealer, or butcher, or merchant—as the case might be—and worth so much money in real estate; offer to go bail for the prisoner. The bail is accepted and the prisoner released. And if in time the prosecuting party does appear to follow up the charge, the prisoner is missing. The bail is sent for, and Mr. So-and-so, coal dealer, etc., is found to be either an entirely different man from the gentleman in black who had appeared in the court-room, or else he is not

found at all. This is the way they work "straw-bail" in New York. Of course, in some cases, it is openly winked at by the presiding officer of the so-called court of justice.

Lawyer Weisel and Billy O'Kay had had quite a lot of business together, for in the peculiar practice of the lawyer, straw-bail and witnesses who were able and willing to swear to any thing, provided they were told beforehand what it was, were very essential.

"Billy, I am not joking," said Weisel, who possessed a clear though rather shrill voice; "there's a large amount of money in this affair, if it's only handled rightly."

"How much?" asked Billy, who, though bearing a name of Hibernian extraction, had very little of the "brogue" in his tone.

"What do you say to ten thousand dollars?" asked Weisel, with a cunning smile upon his sharp features.

"How much?" said Billy, in astonishment.

"Ten thousand dollars," repeated the lawyer.

"You ain't foolin', are yer?"

"No; sober earnest."

"Well, I should say that it was a hefty sum fur to make on one little job," replied Billy.

"Oh, you think it's a large sum, eh?"

"Well, I just do, now!" cried the redoubtable Billy. "Why, I couldn't make more nor that if I got a posish in the street department." We had forgot to mention that Billy was a "big gun" in "ward politics."

"Well, if you think ten thousand is a big sum, what do you think of twenty thousand?" asked Weisel.

"Oh, say; you're only gassin'!" replied Billy, a little indignant.

"Oh, no, I ain't!" cried Weisel, emphatically. "I never was more in earnest in all my life. I say that, with these musty old papers here, and with your help, I can make twenty thousand dollars, and perhaps thirty thousand—perhaps forty thousand—perhaps fifty thousand—"

"Hold on!" cried Billy, in alarm; "you've got up high enough now. I guess you've been drinkin' too much whisky lately, an' it's got into your brain, 'cos yer talkin' loony now."

"Billy, this is unkind," said Weisel, reproachfully. "You know that you were as drunk as I was; and besides, I paid for the liquor."

"Well, I didn't say yer didn't," returned Billy, doggedly. "But you can't gammon this child with any fifty thousand dollars; yer can't stuff that down my throat. It's too thin, an' it won't wash."

"Billy, did I ever deceive you?" asked Weisel.

"I don't know—but you can't come any fifty thousand dollars over me, now, honest," replied Billy, with an air of determination.

"Just you listen to me," urged Weisel. "I offer you a share in this thing because I need your aid. It won't cost any thing to try it, even if it fails. Now you just listen, and I'll explain."

"Sail in," ejaculated Billy, preparing to listen.

"It's quite a long story," said the lawyer, "and I'll have to explain it fully, so that you will understand all the particulars. It's a beautiful case to work up—clear as daylight, except one point, and there I want your help. Twenty-four years ago," began the lawyer, while Billy listened attentively, "a young Fifth avenue 'blood' married a poor girl who 'tended' in a fancy-goods store on the Bowery. The marriage was a private one, and took place at the minister's house, with only the servants of the clergyman for witnesses. After the marriage, the 'blood' took his wife down to Charleston, South Carolina. There a child was born; a boy. After the child was born, the husband got tired of the wife, and deserted her. The cause of the desertion was, that he had fallen in love with a wealthy Southern girl. This girl he married and brought to New York with him. It was a bold thing to do, to commit bigamy, but the 'blood' thought he had every thing his own way. He had kept the marriage certificate of the first wife. He knew that she was not only ignorant of where the minister's house was, but even of his name. Besides, she was friendless—without money, while he had plenty. He thought that she would never be able to prove her marriage, and he was right, for she never did."

"After she was deserted by this man in Charleston, she managed, with her baby, to beg her way to New York. She had a brother here, a rough customer—you know him well, Billy, but I refrain from mentioning his name now. I got all the first part of this history from him. Of course, he had no idea what scent I was on."

"Well, the girl told the brother how she had been wronged, and he instantly took the law in his own hands—stabbed the 'blood' on Broadway, and went to Sing Sing for five years for it. But the 'blood' didn't die; he recovered."

"Now, when the brother went to Sing Sing, he put his sister, the deserted wife, with a family in Hester street; and there, in a short time, she died. The child she left was sent to the brother at Sing Sing, and he arranged to have it boarded with a woman in Sing Sing village."

"Now, while these events were taking place, the second wife had a child—a boy, too; only about a year's difference between

the births of the two children of the 'blood.'

"After serving a year at Sing Sing, the brother is—through political influence—pardoned out, and he comes instantly to New York, intent upon killing the 'blood' that had wronged his sister, for he had sworn to do it when he was sentenced in the court-room."

"And jolly well right he was, too," remarked Billy, in a tone of approbation.

"Exactly," said Weisel; "but the 'blood' heard of his release, and didn't wait for him to fulfill his threat, but cleared out instantly for parts unknown. The brother came to New York—found that the man he sought had run away. Then the brother went back to Sing Sing, to get the child, and found to his astonishment that both the child and the woman he had left it with, had departed without leaving any clue to their whereabouts. The brother came back to New York, and that ends his connection with my story."

"Now for the other links in the chain. The 'blood,' when he fled from New York, went straight to Sing Sing. He had discovered by some means, that his child, which he had deserted, was there, and he wanted it, as circumstances had forced him away from the other child. He bribed the woman to go with him and take the child. She went, but retribution followed the guilty man. This woman was the wife of a prisoner in Sing Sing—a desperate English burglar. When he was released, he followed his wife to the little Western city, where the 'blood' had settled under an assumed name. The woman had discovered that he had plenty of money, so one dark night her husband was let into the house by her. He killed the 'blood' in his bed, took all his money, his papers—among them the marriage certificate of the wife—then, with his wife and the baby, came to New York. Of course he knew nothing of these facts that I've related, and, of course, could make no use of the papers. He died in jail here about two months ago, while waiting trial. I was his lawyer, and so the papers came into my hands. I saw a chance for a ten-strike—I found out the brother—pumped him of all he knew. Then went down to Charleston; found the doctor that attended the wife in her illness, and the minister who baptized the child. I got their evidence, and that sworn to. The child has a peculiar mark on the right arm. And I've got the child, too. He's a man now, of course. Now all I want to complete the evidence is the woman who brought the child up. She separated from the burglar some years since, and I haven't been able to find her. You see, I can trace the child from his birth to the time that it came into the hands of this woman; but I can't find the woman. Now, if you can find one that will fill the bill—that will swear to certain facts that I can instruct her in, the chain of evidence will be complete."

"But where does your fifty thousand dollars come in?" asked Billy.

"Why, when the father was stabbed he thought he was going to die, and made a will. When he ran away and didn't come back, the will was finally admitted to probate, under the belief that he was dead—which, at the time, he really was, as I have explained. The property was—as every one supposed—left to his son by his second wife. Of course his first marriage and the birth of a child was a secret to the world."

"But the fifty thousand?" said Billy, who couldn't see any money in the affair, so far.

"I have discovered a flaw on the will," said Weisel, quietly, but his little eyes sparkling. "The child by the first wife—the man that I now hold in my hands—whose identity I alone can prove, is the legal heir to all the estate now held by the son of the second wife."

"Jerusalem!" ejaculated Billy, in admiration; "what a head you have got. I've got the woman for you, too—swear to any thing as long as she's paid."

"Good! Then I'll make something handsome out of the affair. Billy, I'll give you a thousand dollars for your witness."

"'Nuff said—shake!" And the compact was made.

### CHAPTER XXI.

THE SLASHER ON THE WAR-PATH.

ON the Saturday night of the week wherein the events related in the preceding chapters had taken place, a group of men were standing on the corner of Crosby and Houston streets.

The time was about half-past ten. The night was dark, with threatnings of rain in the air.

The group of men on the corner were rough-looking fellows, four in number, with bullet heads, hair cropped short, scarred and battered features.

Prominent among them was one who seemed to be a leader. In person he stood nearly a head taller than the rest. This man was no other than John Duke, the Slasher; and his companions were members of the Baxter street gang of roughs who acknowledged the notorious Slasher as their leader.

The Slasher and his gang were evidently on the look-out for some one, for they kept a close watch down Crosby street.

"It must be about time for the cove to come out," said one, whose unmistakable accent gave proof that he was an Englishman.

"Not yet," responded the Slasher; "the

theater ain't out yet, an' then he's got for to get out of his stage logs and dress."

"I wish they'd hurry up," growled another of the roughs, in a hoarse voice. "I'm getting tired of waiting."

"Yes, an' it's cold, too," said the fourth of the gang, who was thinly clad. "I'd like to have a drink of whisky. This wind cuts a feller to the bone."

"It won't be long," replied the Slasher. "And after the job is over, you can drink all the whisky you likes."

"Wot's the programme, anyway?" asked the Englishman.

"Well, when he comes out, Jimmy—who is a watchin' at the back door of the theater, will whistle; then we'll just follow on his track, let him cross the Bowery, then get ahead of him, and cut him off in Rivington street. There's a dark block just the other side of Allen, that will suit us first-rate. We'll lay for him there, an' go for him," explained the Slasher.

"Are we to just punch him once or twice, or for to lay him out cold?" asked the second ruffian.

"Lay him out," replied Duke; "make a job for the coroner to-morrow. Just use your brass knuckles or slung-shots on him. We don't want to half do it, yer know, 'cos if he should happen to get over it, an' should recognize any of us hereafter, it might make trouble for us; so just finish the thing up neat while yer about it."

"Oh, we'll fix the bloke," said the Englishman, significantly. "If I get a good square lick at him, all the doctors in this blasted country wouldn't bring him round again, you know."

"Will he be apt to have any one with him?" asked another.

"No," replied Duke. "Jimmy's watched him home two nights, an' he's allers been alone. We kin double-bank him just as easy as kin be."

"The theater must be out," said the Englishman, looking along Houston street. "I kin see a crowd a-goin' up Broadway."

The group all looked toward Broadway. As the Englishman had said, a crowd of people were pouring up the street.

"That's so," said the Slasher, after a look. "It won't be long, then, afore he comes out."

"I shan't be sorry, for I'm as cold as kin be," said the fourth of the gang, who had before complained of the chill air.

"You'll be snug in your roost afore an hour is over, with some 'greenbacks' for to set up the drinks with," responded the Slasher.

"An' that's where the joke comes in," said the Englishman, with a grin.

"Say, who is it that's a-goin' for this rooster?" asked the third rough.

"How kin I tell?" demanded the Slasher, roughly. "A gent, as I don't know, comes to me an' says he'll give fifty dollars—that's ten apiece for us—for to have this theater actor double-banked an' whipped; an' he wants him whipped well, too—he don't want the job spoilt by bein' underdone. In fact, to speak right out, he wants him put out of the way. Well, I took the job. I spoke to you fellows about it and offered the fair thing—share an' share alike. Fifty dollars, an' there's five of us, countin' Jimmy; that's ten dollars apiece, as I said afore. Now that's all I knows about the job. The gent give me twenty-five dollars down, an' he's to pony up the other twenty-five Monday morning, if we do the job to-night. Now, you knows as much about it as I do, an' I hope yer satisfied."

The Slasher's explanation was probable enough, and the roughs accepted it without hesitation.

"That's square," said the Englishman. "Couldn't be fairer," exclaimed the third one of the gang.

"If yer satisfied, then, it's all right," said Duke. "Now, just keep your ears open for Jimmy's whistle. He'll whistle when our man comes out."

From the above given explanation it will be plainly seen how much a man's life is worth in New York city, sometimes.

The roughs remained on the corner, listening intently, for some fifteen minutes. Then the sound of a whistle came out shrilly on the night air.

"That's the signal; the cove has started!" cried Duke; "so let's travel, boys."

And down the street went the roughs at a pretty fast walk.

In front of the back-door of the theater they were joined by their comrade, Jimmy, who had been on the watch there to note when Mordaunt—for it was the actor for whom the roughs were lying in wait—should appear.

"Is he alone, Jimmy?" asked the Slasher, as the rough called Jimmy joined them.

"Yes," replied that worthy, "there he is," and he pointed to a dark form just on the corner of Prince street, that carried in its hands a carpet-bag and a sword.

The actor had played "Claude Melnotte" in the "Lady of Lyons" that night, and the sword was the saber that he had worn when dressed as the French colonel.

"We'll fix him easy, then," said the Slasher.

"Yes, but he's got a sword in his hand," said the rough, who had acted as the spy.

"We'll jump on him so quick that he won't have a chance to use it," said Duke. "Come on, boys, let's keep him in sight."

Then the roughs followed the actor down the street rapidly. But to their surprise and rage, on the corner of Prince street, the actor was joined by two people, a lady and gentleman, who evidently had

been waiting for him there. Then the three walked along Prince street, going toward the Bowery.

"Well, I'm blown!" said the Slasher, indignantly, as he beheld the reinforcement that his destined victim had received. "The jig is up!" exclaimed the Englishman.

"Worse luck!" cried the third of the gang.

"And for to think that we have waited here in the cold all this time!" muttered the thin clad rough, in disgust.

"Wot's to be done, Duke?" asked Jimmy, the spy. "Are we a-goin' to have all our trouble for nothin'?"

"No, I'm blest if we are!" cried the Slasher, in a rage. "We'll go for him anyhow. We're five to two—the woman don't count."

"But she kin holler like blue blazes when we tackle him," said the spy, shrewdly.

"Let'er holler an' be blown!" replied the Englishman.

"Yes, but s'pose she brings the perlice down onto us with her screechin?" suggested the fourth ruffian.

"That would be ugly, now you bet!" exclaimed the rough who was called Jimmy.

"That's so!" said another of the gang.

"Oh, blazes!" cried the Slasher, in disgust; "do yer s'pose it's a-goin' to take us all night for to hit this chap a welt in the head? Let the gal holler, an' if she gets in the way, knock her over into the mud-gutter. I ain't a-goin' to give this job up, now that I've waited all this time. If we five ain't a match for two men an' a woman, then we'd better go an' put our heads in soak right away." The Slasher's tone was one of extreme contempt.

"Well, I ain't afeard for one!" cried the Englishman.

"Nor I! nor I!" chimed in the rest of the gang.

"Cos, if there's any one that don't like the job, he can just slide right out; there'll be more money for the rest," said the Slasher.

But one and all declared their willingness to go on; so once more, the human birds of prey followed their victims.

## CHAPTER XXII.

## AN ATTACK AND ITS RESULTS.

The lady and gentleman who had waited for the actor on the corner of Prince street and Crosby were Crissie Moore and her brother Pony, the street-vender.

It was Mordaunt's last appearance at the theater, and the sewing girl and her brother had attended the performance.

"Let me carry the carpet-bag," said Pony, taking possession of it. "I say you just did bully, to-night. I never seed any thing more natural in my life. And in the last of it, when you chucked down the pocket-book, full of rocks, for to buy the gal, and blocked the little game of that feller that was arter her, why, I just got right up and howled!"

"Yes, and I felt so ashamed," said Crissie, who had been greatly annoyed by her brother's enthusiasm.

"Why, somebody else hollered, too," said Pony, defending his course.

"Yes, but you made more noise than all the rest," replied Crissie.

"Well, I couldn't help it. I got excited. Of course I know that it's all sham and make-believe on the stage, but when I see a nice, innocent gal come out right side up with care, arter going through a lot of trouble, it makes me feel good, and just at the time, why it seems as if it was all real. I likes to go to the the-a-ters, 'cos I always feels better arter it. You see, it's kinder like seeing the inside of a man's own life. The innocent and the good allers comes out first best, and the villain gets particular jessy."

"And how did you like the play?" asked the actor of Crissie, who had taken his arm, and was walking demurely at his side. Pony was on the outside of the walk.

"I liked it very much," she answered. "The struggle between pride and love in the girl's heart, when she found that the man she had married—supposing him to be a prince—was only a poor peasant, was so natural."

"But love, you see, conquered at last," said Mordaunt.

"Why, you kin bet on that, every time!" cried Pony. "Just you let a gal fall in love with a young fellow—let her souse in head and heels—why, it don't make a bit of difference what he is, she'll be bound to have him, and the more any one tries to stop it, the more she goes for him. That's a woman's nature."

"Well, I'm sure I don't thank you for the compliment," said Crissie, tartly.

"That's because you know that it's the truth," returned Pony. "You women are all alike, and you're as bad as any of them. I know yer, like a book. If you took a fancy to a fellow, you'd go through thick and thin for him."

"Now I think that is something of a compliment, Miss Crissie," said the actor, laughing. "If I should fall in love with a girl, I should like her to love me that way in return. Not a love only in the sunshine, but a love through storm and gloom. It is care and sorrow that try love, and the pure, true passion alone will stand the test."

"Well, I have never been in love, that I know of, in all my life," said Crissie, in a tone that had a slight degree of hesitation

in it; "but I think that, if I did fall in love and got married, I should expect to share my husband's burthens as well as his joys, and that sorrow and care would only make me cling tighter to him."

"You can bet your stamps on it, every time!" cried Pony, emphatically. "Cris is little, but she's spunky, I tell yer."

"Do be quiet," said Crissie, quickly.

"Well, you know you are," returned Pony. "I rayther think you'll make your 'old man' stand round when you get one."

"Why, Pony, how can you say such a thing?" demanded Crissie, a little indignant. "I'm sure that I shall love my husband—that is if I ever get one—and I shall try and be a good little wife. I don't say that I will be one, but I say I'll try. I shan't be afraid of work, and I shall be willing to do my part."

"That is fair!" cried Mordaunt, taking a shy glance at the earnest little face of Crissie.

"Of course it's fair!" exclaimed Pony.

By this time the little party had reached the Bowery. They had been closely followed by the Slasher and his gang.

As the actor and his friends crossed the street, the Slasher and his roughs came close behind them.

"We'll turn down the Bowery, go through Delancy street, and get into Rivington again, ahead of them," said Duke, to his "crowd," as they crossed the street.

"Jump, boys, lively," he said, as he hurried onward; "we got to make three blocks to their one."

At a smart run the Slasher and his gang passed down the Bowery, turned into Delancy street, and went on till they came to Forsyth street, then turned up Forsyth and so got again into Rivington, about half a block ahead of the actor and his companions. They, not dreaming of danger, had walked slowly along, chatting as they went.

"It's all O. K.," said Duke, as his quick eye caught sight of his intended victim coming leisurely down the street. "There's a dark place just beyond Allen street. We'll lay for him there. So come on, boys."

The Slasher and his party hurried forward. Passing Allen street, they came to the dark block that the Slasher had spoken of.

It was admirably suited for the purpose. A dark entry-way served as a place of concealment for two of the roughs. Two more hid behind a coal-box, in front of a grocery store.

"Now," said the Slasher, "I'll walk up the street, then come back slowly, so as to meet our man right here; then you jump on him."

"We've to finish him if we can, eh?" asked the Englishman.

"Yes, that's the programme," coolly returned the Slasher. "Mind, don't all go for the actor; two of you wait the other feller—you two behind the coal-box. The other two and I will settle the actor chap. Don't miss him, now."

"I wish I was as sure of a five-pound note—and that's about thirty dollars of your money—as I am of settling this bloke," said the Englishman, swinging a sand-club carelessly in his hand; that is, a long canvas bag filled with sand; a most dangerous weapon, and one greatly in use in England by the garroters and burglars.

"Oh, we'll fix him easy enough!" cried the rough known as Jimmy, drawing a "life-preserver" from his pocket—another English weapon—a ball of lead incased in leather, and with a little handle, also of leather. Few men live to tell of being struck by it.

"All right, boys; keep your eyes peeled. And with this parting admonition the Slasher sauntered down the street.

As he walked onward he drew his weapon—an ugly-looking slung-shot—from his pocket.

"Let me see," he mused, "three hundred for the job. There's forty to pay the fellers; that leaves me two hundred and sixty. That's a tidy little sum for a night's work, and an easy one, too, 'cos we kin lay him out in about two minutes. A very nice little job. I wish I could git four or five more, just like it."

Then the Slasher turned round and commenced to walk back again, slowly; timing his gait so as to arrive in front of the ambush of his gang, at the same instant as the actor and his friends, who, totally unconscious of danger, were coming along chatting together.

"We are nearly home," said Mordaunt, as they came on.

"Yes, I shall be glad," observed Crissie, "for I'm quite tired."

"Well, I ain't," said Pony.

"You don't sit at a sewing-machine all day long," replied Crissie.

"Well, I knows it, but I sells 'taters, an' the way I hollers is a caution to weak nerves. Then I looks arter January too, an' that hoss is a heap of trouble now, I tell you."

Then the three saw the Slasher advancing carelessly up the street, but of course paid no heed to the fact.

The actor and his party met the Slasher just before they got to the grocery. The Slasher passed them, then quickly turned and made a blow at Mordaunt's head with the slung-shot, and at the same time he shouted to his gang:

"Go fur 'em, boys!"

The roughs sprang from their hiding-places, weapons in hand.

The Slasher had miscalculated the distance, and his blow, intended to fell the actor to the ground missed him. Before he could recover himself, the actor's saber flashed from the scabbard, and the bright blade whirling through the air, slashed Duke across the face, cutting his cheek and nose open, and hurling him into the gutter bleeding and senseless.

Pony, quick as New York boys generally are, comprehended the attack in an instant. He floored the first ruffian with the carpet-bag, saluted the second one with a tremendous kick in the stomach, which doubled him up in speechless agony upon the pavement. The third rough took to his heels at once, without waiting to participate in the encounter, after beholding the reception of his comrades.

The Englishman had approached behind Mordaunt, when he had turned to encounter the Slasher, and with a tremendous blow of his sand-club would, beyond a doubt, have settled the actor for this world, had not Crissie perceived his intention, and throwing up her arm received the whole weight of the blow upon it. With a shrill scream of pain, the poor girl sunk down at the feet of the man whose life she had saved. The rough took to his heels and ran for dear life.

The encounter had ended. Three of the roughs lay disabled on the pavement or in the gutter.

With a cry of horror, the actor raised the senseless form of Crissie from the ground.

"She is killed!" he cried.

"No, she only fainted; she got the blow on her arm; bring her into the house!" exclaimed Pony.

"And these fellows?" said Mordaunt, as he bore the light form of Crissie in his arm down the street.

"Better let 'em be. We don't want to mix up in the muck. It's John Duke, the Slasher, and his Baxter street gang. I know 'em. They have mistook us for somebody else, 'cos of course they ain't got any thing ag'in us," said Pony, as they walked rapidly down the street.

But a suspicion haunted the mind of the actor that it was not accident, but another well-planned attack upon his life, and he easily guessed from whose hand came the blow.

Crissie was conveyed into the house, placed upon the bed in her cosy little room, that so strongly showed the neatness of its occupant, and a doctor was sent for. He came, examined Crissie's arm—by this time she had recovered from her faint—pronounced it a simple fracture, and said that it would soon be well, and in a few weeks she could again use it.

Great was the joy of both Mordaunt and her brother when they learned that Crissie's hurt was far from being a dangerous one in its nature.

And as for Mr. John Duke and his companions, they picked themselves up with many curses, and slowly proceeded homeward to their dens in the heart of the bloody Sixth ward.

The slash that Duke had received across the face bled profusely, and did not add to that worthy's beauty. He cursed his ill-luck with many a bitter oath.

(To be continued—Commenced in No. 30.)

## Among the Evergreens.

BY VERMILLION VERNE.

"You must remember she is only a governess."

As the proud beauty spoke, she swept haughtily across the room, and stood at the wide-open window, looking out among the evergreens that surrounded the house.

Richard Wayne was soon beside her, saying: "Indeed, Clara, my aunt seems to like her very much, and that is saying a great deal, you know. She seldom finds one who suits her notions, but Madge does."

"Oh! no doubt she is a clever teacher; but for all that, one can not help thinking of her position, so inferior to—"

"To yours, I suppose you mean to say," said Dick, somewhat quickly, picking at the rose Clara had placed in his buttonhole. The coquette looked up hastily, but Dick kept on.

"For my part, I can not see why our stations in life should make such vast differences in our feelings as it too often does. It seems to me that if a person has talents and accomplishments, though fate has not placed wealth at his command, he would still be the equal of one who has money at his disposal and a lack of brains. I do not know but I may have different ideas on this subject from you. Be that as it may, Madge Lee seems to be a lady, despite her misfortunes, if so we may call them!"

Dick did not see the quick, angry flush that sprang to Clara's cheek; or if he did he did not notice it. It was gone a moment later, however, and Miss Holmes replied, indifferently:

"Oh! yes; she is a pretty little creature; but I am afraid I shall never like her."

"Why not? Are you afraid she will prove a rival? No danger of that, I think. But we will not quarrel."

As Dick spoke, he took Clara's arm, and together they passed out into the lawn. They did not see the little figure crouching among the evergreens under the window; and they did not hear her say:

"So I am only a governess! Well, well, my haughty beauty, we shall see."

There was a hurt, grieved look on Madge's cheek, and the bright tears glistened on the dewy eyelashes for a moment as she watched Richard walking slowly up and down the gravel walk with Clara by his side—a willing captive. Then brushing away the resentful tears, she passed into the house.

"Madge?"

It was Mrs. Holme's voice. She was standing in the parlor-door as the governess entered.

"Is it not time to commence school? The children are wondering why you do not come. Are you not well this morning?" She had noticed the grave look on Madge's face, so unlike her usual bright manner.

"Yes, I am well; only tired."

Yes, she *was* tired—tired of life, tired of her work—tired of every thing.

In the schoolroom the children were all day restless and uneasy; but poor, weary Madge toiled along with her aching heart—toiling for a mere pittance. At last the little clock in the corner struck the hour of four, and then the children, so long restrained, went shouting out of the schoolroom, leaving Madge alone.

Gathering up the books, and arranging the flowers in the little vase on the table, she turned to go from the room, when a soft footstep startled her, and looking up she saw Richard Wayne. He clasped her in his arms, and drawing her to a seat beside him, said:

"Well, Madge, I have come for my answer. What shall it be?"

"Please, Dick, do not ask me that again. I have already told you I can never be your wife. Do not pain me any more when it can never be."

"Don't you love me, Madge?"

"I have already given you my answer, Mr. Wayne. I will not disgrace you by becoming your bride. Please don't look so utterly heart-broken; it is better so. We will still be old friends, nothing more."

"Then you do love me just a little bit; but will not answer me as your heart dictates, because you are poor? Say, is it not so?"

She laid her white hand softly on his strong arm, as she answered:

"Dick, you must not talk like this any more. It is useless, and will only add to the torture of parting. You will soon forget me for the smiles of Clara Holmes. After all I am 'only a governess!'"

Madge strove to speak bravely, but her voice faltered a little, in spite of her efforts.

"No, Madge, I never will forget you."

"Don't be too sure, Dick. I will go away, and stand in your way no longer. It is best so. I am only a governess."

There was a little rustle as the door opened, and the next moment the spot where she stood was vacant. Just as she passed out into the hall Clara Holmes was passing up to her room. Hardly had she seen Madge than she dropped the bouquet of flowers given her by Richard.

"Hand my flowers," she said, in a commanding tone, at the same time giving the governess a haughty look. Madge's eyes flashed, and the rich color sprang to her brow.

"Do you hear, Miss Lee? Pick up my bouquet!"

"I will not. I know I am only a governess; but if you think to make a servant of me, you are mistaken!"

Clara frowned.

"Indeed! you are independent for a menial."

Stooping proudly, she grasped the flowers and passed to her chamber.

In her own room Madge sunk into a chair, and, giving way to tears, wept for some time alone. Then growing calmer she brushed away the tears, and springing up, loosened the band that confined her pretty golden locks and let them fall in a wavy billow over her fair shoulders, and then stood before the glass. It was a pretty face she saw there. Brown eyes, soft and lustrous as the stars of heaven; curls, brilliant as gold, cheeks like lilies, and a full, tender mouth, with lips of cherries closing over teeth of pearl. Madge knew she was handsome, and for a few minutes she remained there, gazing into the mirror, and thinking—thinking deeply.

Then putting back the masses of hair, she drew a paper from the shelf before her, and in a moment read:

"A well-educated, accomplished young lady wanted for teacher, and, if young and pretty, perhaps adoption."

"MR. & MRS. LYNN."

"Who knows," whispered Madge. "I will try at least. And if successful, then, proud beauty, we will see."

A little later the governess slipped out of the door, leading into the thickening twilight, and took her way in the direction of the No. indicated by Mr. Lynn's advertisement.

"Please, miss, will you come at once? My mother is sick, dying perhaps, and if you would come we would be so glad."

Richard Wayne paused in his walk and listened. It was a poor lad clothed in tattered clothes, standing by a young lady, plainly dressed.

"Certainly, my little fellow. Will you tell me where you live?"

It was a strangely clear and musical voice, that.

"Only a few steps down the street, miss, and how good you are to come. You see we are all alone now, mother and I; and we are so poor, too. This is the sev-

enth day she has been sick, and I thought we must have some one to see her."

"What! has she had no physician all this time?" and Margaret Lynn started back in astonishment.

"No, miss. We are so poor no one will come to help us."

"And your mother sick, too? It is shameful! Here, take this money and run to some doctor's office, quick, and tell him to come at once. But no, I will do that. You take this money and go into this shop and buy a good piece of steak, a loaf of bread and some crackers. What number is it?"

"No. 7 Blank Row," said the boy, as he hastened into the shop with the money tightly clasped in his hand as if afraid of losing it.

The little benefactress hastened down the street, but in a moment she started back as she saw that a gentleman had been watching her.

"Will you please direct me to the nearest doctor's office?" she asked, timidly, of Richard Wayne.

"I am a physician, fair lady. And if you will allow me I will accompany you on your errand of mercy."

"Then you have heard what we said?" a little glow of confusion overspreading her features.

"Yes; and though I do not know your name I will say I am glad the poor have so good a friend as you are; we will proceed at once."

"My name is Margaret Lynn," she said, in explanation; "and I was on my way to visit a sick friend when I met this poor boy. I hope you will not think me bold, doctor; but I go where duty calls me—and—"

"Oh! I am glad to meet you, Miss Lynn. I am pleased to find one young lady who feels her duty as you do. For I must confess there are not many young ladies of your standing who would lower themselves enough to visit a poor sufferer. But here we are."

It was a poor tenement-house, shattered and torn no doubt by the storms of half a century. Lifting the latch, they passed into the room. A poor woman lay on a humble couch moaning pitifully. It was plain to be seen that she was dangerously sick with a high fever. Taking in the situation at a glance, the two friends at once proceeded to make themselves useful. Miss Lynn, with a tasty hand, arranged the pillows, while Doctor Wayne administered a cooling medicine that immediately relieved the burning brow.

"Your little son found us and sent us here," Margaret said, gently, as she saw the look of astonishment on the woman's face. "This gentleman here is a doctor, who has come to help you. And here comes your boy."

"Heaven bless you, kind people! I believe God sent you to me in my trouble. I knew He would not forsake us."

Soon after a bright fire blazed in the only stove the poor room afforded, and from the little kettle on the top there came a delicious odor that greeted the grateful woman's olfactory, and— but we can't stop to tell you all about the woman's sickness and convalescence; of Miss Lynn's coming every day to see her, and how Dr. Wayne always managed somehow to make his visits at the same hours she did, as it does not concern our story, only that the doctor came to look with impatience for her appearance in the splendid carriage of the Lynns. And Madge—well, she, too, grew to await the young doctor's arrival with strange feelings, and one day, when a splendid span of grays drew up at the Lynn House, and Richard sprang up the steps and called for Madge, she went down with a bright flush on her beautiful face, and met him in the hall.

"Please, Madge," said Richard, as he grasped her hand, "I do not know what you think of me, but I love you, Madge Lynn."

"Richard—Mr. Wayne, do not say that. You do not know me. I am only Mr. Lynn's child by adoption. Look at me, Richard, I am only the governess, Madge Lee."

"Are you really my aunt's little governess? You are," he said, as he steadfastly gazed on her features, "and I did not know you. Do you think that would make me love you less? No, I love you all the better now."

"But what of Clara Holmes?"

"She is nothing to me. I learned her true character that day she called you a servant, Madge. That was enough for me. I have not seen her since. And now will you be my wife?"

"If you love me so much, yes."

"Darling Madge!"

Then there was a kiss bestowed on some one's cheek, and some one said:

"Please, Richard, don't. Right here in the hall. Some one will see you!"

Miss Holmes bowed haughtily over the dainty card on which was the invitation to the wedding of Mr. Richard Wayne and Miss Madge Lee, and yet sighed deeply. She had played a life-game and was defeated, but she buried her chagrin as best she could.

A Man's Honor. The nobility there is in human nature is strikingly illustrated in the character of the actor, in the "Romance of a Ruby Ring." His love for one woman, and his devotion to another, are exemplifications of the battle which many an honorable man has to fight with circumstances. Especially let the mean, jealous woman be reproved, who sees in her lover's or husband's consideration of other women something bad or wrong.

## Saturday Journal

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THE SATURDAY JOURNAL can be had of any Newdealer in the United States or Canada. Persons remote from a Newdealer, or those wishing to subscribe and receive their papers direct from our office by mail, will be supplied at the following rates, invariably in advance.

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### Contributors and Correspondents.

**NOTE FOR CORRESPONDENTS AND CONTRIBUTORS:**—Manuscripts are almost daily brought in by the mail-carrier, upon which are marked "Due 6c," "Due 10c," "Due 20c,"—which we are constrained to refuse to receive. This underpayment of postage is, in many cases, owing to a misapprehension of the law. Manuscripts are entitled to "Book Rates," viz: two cents for each four ounces or fraction thereof, only when the package is marked "Book MS." and is remitted in a wrapper open at one or both ends. Nor must the inclosure contain a line of any thing but the MS. proper. A note to publisher or editor subjects the whole to full Letter Rates, viz: three cents for each half ounce or fraction thereof. The same is the case where the manuscript is remitted in a close envelope, even though the same be marked "Book MS."

In answer to inquiries:—Can I obtain all the back numbers of "MARKED MINER"? "Can I obtain all the numbers containing 'THE SCARLET HAND'?" etc., etc., we say we can supply complete sets of the SATURDAY JOURNAL at all times. An order direct to this office, or through your newdealer, will be quickly filled.

Sketch "MRS. DERY'S PROPOSAL" we shall not be able to use. The story is well conceived, but rather long in the telling, and is somewhat defective as to composition. Authors must not depend upon editors or proof-readers to punctuate and put in quotation marks for them.

We may use "A TOTAL FAILURE." Also, "THE ART OF COURTSHIP."

Can not use "THE SHADOWY HAND." It is quite too long for the story it tells. No stamps. Romance, "FATAL SCAR," not available. It will answer for some popular paper, but not for our use.

"WESTERN INQUIRER" Story, "MY PASSENGERS" was published in No. 16. Copies sent.

Stamps received from C. R. O., and the three sketches returned.

Poem, "THE SLEEP," we shall not use. Ditto poem, "LAVILIK." Ditto sketches, "GALLADAY AT RAVENSWARD," "MY THREE LOVES," "THE GREEN-TABLE SECRET," "A ROSIE IN THE HAIR," "WHEN JUNE MEETS DECEMBER," "A GROVE'S TITTLER-TALE," "SPENCER HOME'S BROTHER," "A MAN WOMAN," "CLARA LAUNDRY'S GUESTS," "THREE NIGHTS IN A MAD-HOUSE," "THE JEW'S COFFER," etc., etc.

We repeat, foreign stories are not desirable. Readers want what is American, in persons, incidents and feeling. A good German tale is not as available as a good American tale; but, as we have plenty of good American tales, German, French and English productions are not essential to the make-up of a first-class popular paper. And especially undesirable, because all papers which get along on the cheap use this foreign matter, simply because it is to be had for little or nothing as to cost. We do not "pad" our columns to reduce the cost of matter, as do many professedly popular journals. We find our space all too small to get in the good things of which we have such ample store always on hand.

"ELMER THORNE" wants us to give her our ideas as to the education proper for her. The main thing, we take it, is to get a good, thorough knowledge of all the English branches usually taught in our schools. A really good scholar in arithmetic, grammar, orthography and geography is a far rarer thing than most persons suspect. We know numberless college graduates who can not, for their lives, spell or punctuate correctly, and the scholar who is not a good scholar in these things, is a curse to the community. This stuffing process is making us a nation of ill-educated and awkward people. If Elmer wants to become a writer, she must lay broad and deep the foundations of her knowledge of English grammar, composition, history and political economy. She can never hope to succeed as a writer if she is half informed. Take time; don't try to get an education in two years; two years, from thirteen to eighteen, should be years of study, and the three years following years of reading and observation. In this way, alone, will she become qualified for the profession of letters.

"PRINCE" can't keep a school, we should say, judging by his letter to us. The day has gone by when a "readin', writin' and cipherin'" answer for the requirements of a schoolmaster.

"JONNIE" asks, "What is the 'Sorosis'?" We don't know. It was, nominally, a sisterhood of literary women, who gathered monthly at an aristocratic restaurant to partake of a cheap lunch, and to become acquainted with one another. It soon became a mutual admiration society, where women of small wit and great pretensions soon overpowered the women of brains; and it is now, we believe, a kind of association of fashion reporters and reformers of the *Agitation School*. Our best literary ladies give it a "wide berth." It is chiefly popular with the Bohemians.

**Increasing Demand.** We receive numerous complaints from readers that the supply of the SATURDAY JOURNAL is so early exhausted. We print heavy editions to keep pace with the steadily increasing demand for the paper. Where dealers fail to secure a proper supply, their order should be repeated; but in the hurry and press of trade, they may fail to do so. Readers will, in all such cases, be supplied by the publishers direct, on receipt of the price of papers.

## Foolscap Papers.

### The Visiting Missionary Business.

EVER since I was a boy, when every copper, which peculiarly associated itself with candy, was persuaded from its original destiny to furnish palatable missionaries to the gentlemanly Sandwich Islanders, I have had the utmost sympathy for the heathen. The very fact of their living so far away has stirred all the pity of my heart for them. Withdrawn afar from the advantages of civilization—straight waistcoats and hanging—I have made them my principal care, thinking of them when I laid me down to sleep, and wondering if they should ever behold our Congress, whether the pennies of all the little heathen children would not be called into requisition to send missionaries there.

While a boy, and looking at pictures of Hindoos, if I have so far forgotten myself as to open the sharp, broken blade of my knife and cut their throats, or have stabbed them in the breast ten leaves deep, I can't account for it, and I offer my apology at this late day.

Knowing of my disinterested love for the Hindoos, the charitable ladies of our church appointed me visiting missionary to solicit donations for the aforesaid heathen. With a neat speech they presented me with a basket to hold the donations, and my response, that failed to appear in the *Tribune*, was entirely to the point, and I started out.

Of course I visited all the national banks, was received with dignity due to my station, and accepted their donations with a liberal hand, went into all the principal business houses, and was pleased with the treatment. Everybody was patriotic in the cause, and gave without stint. Came near falling from grace once, went into a saloon, called for a glass of rye, and drank it before I recovered myself—that was a narrow escape. Entered all the residences on that street. They all gave liberally—one gave me a little more dishwater than was necessary. Only got hot water in one house and kicked out of two. Considered the cause for which I suffered, and consoled myself with the idea that I would get a testimonial from the intelligent Hindoos some day. Perhaps I visited a hundred houses, and found the family absent from many of them, but I say it with a great moral pride that I never took any thing off the mantelpieces. Can't you congratulate me? I make this admission because I have since heard that some spoons and things have been missed along the route.

The following is a schedule of the articles donated:

Four hoop-skirts, old and large.  
One bottle of podogogue.  
Three combs—very fine.  
One and a half pairs of boots.  
One doll baby, which had lost its head, but in all other respects healthy.  
Four last year's bonnets.  
One set of pure lottery jewelry.  
Here my load getting a little heavy, I hired a cart and proceeded.  
Eleven pairs of skates.  
One cashmere shawl, without the cash.  
One grindstone, first water.  
One straw feather bed.  
Two pairs stockings, elaborately holed.  
Another pair of old boots.  
One waterfall, extra heavy.  
One broken set of dishes.  
One kraut-cutter.  
One cent, supposed to be a counterfeit.  
One receipt for making egg-nogg.  
One old kitchen stove with the necessary wear and tear.  
One disembodied army overcoat.  
One set of old furs.  
One lot brass buttons; improved currency.  
Here I hired another cart, and kept on.  
One old-fashion bedstead.  
Three boxes of lily-white.  
One set of false teeth, on rubber plate.  
One book of Hoyle's games.  
One minstrel song book.  
Thirteen pairs mittens.  
Ten pairs buffalo overshoes.  
Two old umbrellas with detached handles and holes to let the rain out.  
Fourteen plug hats, old-time.  
One lot of blacking—which the Hindoo belles use for face-powder.  
Twelve napkins, without the nap.  
Two cook books.  
One bunch tooth-picks, second-hand.  
Nine tooth-brushes, do.  
Another cent.  
Three street car tickets.  
Two corsets.  
One book New Jersey language in fifty easy lessons.  
One patent office report, for meditative reading.  
One gubernatorial message, for beginners in English.  
One bustle.  
One barrel soft soap.  
Three unroofed parasols.  
One rocking-chair with detached back.  
Six dirty shirts.  
Two Franklin stoves.  
One stringed instrument they call an apron.  
One foolscap full of advice to Hindoo belles, with a receipt to remove tan.  
One Shanghai rooster.  
One box of tracts for starving heathens.  
One box of pills.  
When I surveyed this sudden accumulation of riches, I must confess that I took a

somewhat personal view of it, and resolved upon the happy expedient of putting it all up at auction, forgetting completely what a great deprivation it would be to the heathen. I never once thought of that, or if I thought any thing about it at all, I concluded I could hold the proceeds of the sale until called upon by a deputation of responsible Hindoos.

So I drove up in front of the Astor House, hung out a red garment I had received for a flag, hired a dry lawyer to ring a bell, and began the sale.  
The articles were going off like warm cakes at a free lunch, and the money rolled in very much like it does in a poor man's dream, when up slipped one of those blue, brassy gentlemen of the club, which the city hires to hit the wrong man over the head, and never arrest the right one, and said the official at the police court desired an interview with me, and a little conversation on the subject of breach of trust. I went; another policeman took charge of my valuable possessions, and I was bound over to keep the peace, but was allowed to keep nothing else.

It is needless to say, as the seamstress remarked, that Hindoo stock is much below par, and I go around a disciple of Baal.

WASHINGTON WHITEHORN.

### CALUMNY.

ACCORDING to the modern dictionaries, this word means slander, but the definition which occurs in the dictionary of Eve Lawless (due notice of the publication of the same will be given) consists of the words "they say."

I don't feel very saucy this morning—at least I hadn't ought to, for I am sitting by the window of the "Gassamer House" with the latest number of the SATURDAY JOURNAL before me and a pitcher of the coldest ice-water close at hand, so I suppose I ought to keep cool. But, I can't; there is always something to excite my angelic (?) temper, which even ice-water don't seem to be able to keep down. You see, Mrs. Doubtelongue has just been in, and remarked that it did not "seem just the thing for a single young woman like myself to sit so much at an open window, for the young men would stare."

I was Lawless enough to answer that I thought said young men showed excellent taste.

But she continued with: "It does cause remarks, and they say—"

Well, at this point I just interrupted her by asking: "Will you be so good as to inform me who are the individuals who take such an interest in my welfare, and whom you designate as 'they say'?"

She couldn't do it—she couldn't mention a single individual, solitary one; and that brings to the mind of Eve Lawless a whole set of ready-made anathemas to hurl upon the heads of those persons who find it so handy to have the pronoun and verb of "they say" at their tongues' end, but won't keep them there!

Not a bit of it! They let them fall, thick and heavy; and their weight being far from light, cause quite a sensation, often on the most unoffending parties.

Supposing you and I get mad some day with Miss Talkahap, and we desire to say some ill of her, but we don't dare for all the world to let any one know that we circulated the report: it is so particularly easy to remark that "they say so and so." You perceive that "they" in this case, might mean four and it might mean as many as the subscribers of the SATURDAY JOURNAL (and I should have to use a few hundred thousand figures if I were to tell you just exactly how many that is).

Somebody once wrote to me (I can't for the life of me think whether it was Wilkie Collins or gran'ma Lawless) inquiring if I thought men ever loved to gossip, or talk scandal. I kinder didn't want to say "yes" for fear of offending Charley; and I didn't like to say "no," for the good Sunday-school books don't think it right to tell lies. Let me look and find out what my proverb-book has to say on the subject.

A calumny, though known to be such, generally leaves a stain on the reputation. I believe that! Men talk scandal! I don't guess they do—I know it! Just look into the political papers at election time and see the awful, awful names the editors call their opponents. They must have the credit of being sincere, even though they do use naughty words, that I shouldn't want to "speak right out in meetin'." They don't beat round the bush with the base insinuation of "they say" if a man is a liar, they call him a liar. If I wasn't afraid of being accused of moralizing, I might remark that I think an appropriate epitaph on many a grave-stone would be, "Died of 'They Say.'" Just put some oil on that dress of yours, and you may scrub, scrub, but it will leave a stain. It's the same with calumny; it's a foul blot, and if there is a road that lies a mile out of your way that avoids it, take it—you'll never repent it.

I am very well aware of the fact that women can't be too careful of their reputation, and I am also aware how "people" will talk; but let once somebody talk about you, my dear sisters, and it isn't quite so easy to throw off the calumny—it blackens, and it will leave a stain on you for good.

Monday morning a report comes out in the "Daily Ramrod" about a case of shop-lifting by a female. You'll find that almost every one has seen the account. Tuesday

morning the report is contradicted, and you won't find a dozen who have read the contradiction. I don't know whether the circulation of the Tuesday edition wasn't as large as that of Monday, or whether we are more prone to read evil of any one than good, but I do know that the female in question went to her grave with some hundreds believing her guilty, a few remarking—"Poor thing! it was well she died thus; as she was a shoplifter, she might have become a murderer had she lived." "They say she was not all she should be." Why wasn't there some kind voice to answer, "She was unjustly accused?" Of course, Mrs. Makbelievepiety would say—"I trust she died a Christian, but I'm glad I haven't the crime of shoplifting to answer for!"

If I had been at that funeral, and heard such a remark, I should just have opened my pocket-Bible at the story of the Pharisee and the Publican, and showed her the words: "God, I thank thee that I am not as other men."

Why repeat the rest? You know it well, or at least you ought to. But I must get on another tack, and ask, why is it that men never seem to be blamed for their "going astray." Their dereliction from the straight course of duty is called "Sowing wild oats." Don't women ever have wild oats to sow?

Miss Lawless, will you be good enough to tell us what you do mean by this rigmorale?" cries the exasperated editor.

Well, that's provoking, after I've been scribbling over several pages of foolscap. But I do mean to say that I abominate calumny; I have a horror of being "talked about," and if you talk against any one in my presence, and commence with "they say," I shall feel like leaving the room and slamming the door in your face. Still I have an angelic temper.

[Query by the Sat. Jour. Ed.: "Do you never say some little things against your friends, and haven't you been doing it in this article?"]

How cruel of you! Don't you see I'm paid to do it, and that makes some difference; yet they say—

"Ah, Miss Eve, we've caught you now!" cries the editor, and I must confess myself.

EVE LAWLESS.

### WEALTH.

ONE great cause of the poverty of the present day is the failure of the people to appreciate small things—they say that if they can not save large sums, they will not save any thing. They do not realize how a daily addition, be it ever so small, will soon make a large pile; if the young men and young women of to-day will only begin, and begin now, to save a little from their earnings, and plant in the soil of some good savings-bank, and weekly or monthly add their mite, they will wear a happy smile of competence and independence when they reach middle life. Not only the pile itself will increase, but the desire and ability to increase it will also grow. Let clerk and tradesman, laborer and artisan, make now and at once a beginning. Store up some of your youthful force and vigor for future contingencies. Let parents teach their children to begin early to save. Begin at the fountain head to control the stream of extravagance, and then the work will be easy. To choose between spending and saving is to choose between poverty and riches. Let our youth go on in the habits of extravagance for fifty years to come as they have for fifty years past, and we shall be a nation of beggars with a moneyed aristocracy. Let a generation of such as save in small sums be reared, and we shall be free from want. Do not be ambitious for extravagant fortunes, but seek that which is the duty of every man to obtain—independence and a comfortable home. Wealth and enough is within the reach of all. It is obtainable by one process, and by one only—saving.

BOYS, A WORD WITH YOU.

Boys, what are you going to do? That's the question. You are full of dreams of greatness to come—of riches and honors and all that, but, what are you going to do to attain them?

Don't dodge the question, or give an evasive answer, for you can no more dodge the act and event than a fly can dodge the sunlight, or a seed bed germinating in the summer soil.

So, make up your minds, early in life, decide just what course your taste and talents indicate; ponder well and long over the responsibilities and demands of your chosen calling; and then—work! He is the true hero, who, amid all opposing obstacles, yet keeps his eye on the goal of his desires—who gains upon it, each day, if ever so little; and who sacrifices all things to the one desired end.

Boys, are you such a hero?

### CHILDHOOD.

WHAT a pity, that one forgets one's childish thoughts; their originality would produce such an effect, properly managed? It is curious to observe that, by far the most useful part of our knowledge is acquired unconsciously. We remember learning to read and write, but we do not remember how we learn to talk, to distinguish colors, etc. The first thought that a child willfully conceals is an epoch—one of life's most important—and yet who can recall it?

## WHAT "KATY DID."

BY NAME.

Yes, I know what "Katy did." Never mind how, only I know—And if you'll keep the secret hid, I'll tell you the story, too; softly, though.

It was down in the winding lane, One moonlight evening, long ago—Katy was walking with Harry Vance—

He was going to sea in the "Westward Ho." Harry bent down and whispered low,

"Only one kiss, Katy, only one—We are alone here, no one will know; I shall be far away ere the week is done."

"Katy, darling, I love you so! Give me one kiss to carry to sea, Over the world, dear, far as I go, I will carry your own kiss away with me."

"Won't you, Katy?" She didn't speak; Her eyes were screened by each snowy lid, But her lips were very near his cheek, And silly Katy truly—did.

But the telltale crickets saw it well; They were up in the leaves of the beech-tree hid, And you ought to have heard them chirp and tell, One to the other, how "Katy did."

Over and over they say it still— You can hear them best when the moon is bright—Do you know I think they always will—

"They're such little gossip-tell every night, Till naughty Katy for shame refrain, And promise never to kiss again."

## City Life Sketches.

### NICK BURT.

#### The Detective.

BY AGILE PENNE.

By name, Nicholas Burt; by profession, a detective officer. Not a regular detective—that is, not on the police staff of the city of New York, nor connected with the police department of that city in any way whatsoever. In fact, not to put a fine point on it, I think I am several orders above the aforesaid department, and I haven't a particularly good opinion of myself, either; the proof of that is my putting the little story that I'm going to tell on paper, because I don't think that it is particularly flattering to me in any respect.

In years gone by I was on the detective force of the city of Boston; but just before the war I came on to New York on professional business, and seeing a splendid chance for a business opening, I hung out my shingle as a private detective. And I must say that it was the best day's work that I ever did in all my life.

The private detective is an institution in the city of New York. Let me explain what it means.

There are a great many cases, criminal in their nature, the particulars of which the parties concerned therein—the wronged as well as the wrongers—do not desire to give to the public, but at the same time they want some sort of a settlement. The private detective secures the proofs of guilt, and the guilty parties, of course, are glad to compromise. Then those husbands who doubt their wives; wives who doubt their husbands; fathers who want the habits of their sons looked after; bank officers who have a suspicion that their cashier is living too high—more than his salary would warrant; all these parties seek the aid of the private detective.

Of course, in this brief statement I have not named one-tenth part of the clients who seek the aid of a person like myself.

But to my story. I was seated in my office one pleasant forenoon, talking with my partner—I have forgotten to mention that I have a partner, by name, Hiram Kedg, a New England Yankee, as smart as a steel trap. In fact, we detectives generally hunt in couples.

Well, as I was saying, we were talking about every thing in general and nothing in particular, when an elderly, white-haired gentleman walked into the office. I knew he was a customer of Hiram's, for to tell the truth, business had been dull for some time, and the appearance of a customer pleased me. Then, too, the stranger was a finely-dressed individual, splendid broadcloth, gold studs, elegant watch-chain; and, to use the Californian expression, he looked as if he would "pan out" well.

"Mr. Burt in?" asked the old gentleman, in a nervous sort of way. Our sign bore the inscription, "N. Burt & Co." Hiram was a silent partner; silent not only on the sign, but in professional life, for he rarely spoke if he could help it, but, like the Irishman's pig, he kept up a devil of a thinking.

"I am Mr. Burt," I said, rising, and handing the old gentleman a chair.

"Private detective?"

"Yes, sir."

It's astonishing what a time it takes some of our customers to get at their business. Then the old gentleman fidgeted nervously with his watch-chain. I waited for him to proceed to business, because it's no use trying to hurry up matters of this sort.

At last the old gentleman spoke.

"Mr. Burt, I believe that I have a little business in your line," he spoke, with quite a degree of hesitation. "I presume you preserve strictly private all business confided to your charge, particularly when it concerns family affairs?"

"Certainly, sir," I replied; "you may rely upon that."

"Ah—well, Mr. Burt, I have been robbed."

"Of what, sir?"

"Diamonds."

"The value?" I asked, taking notes.

About twenty thousand dollars."

I confess I started in astonishment at the sum, and even Hiram, who is rarely astonished at any thing, opened his eyes wider than usual.

"When were these taken? Any idea?—and where from?" I asked.

"Taken this morning from a bureau drawer. They are my wife's diamonds. She wore them last night at a party, and put them in the drawer about six o'clock this morning, then locked the drawer. As ten she opened it again, so that I could take them down to town to my banker's, in whose safe I always keep them. The jewels were gone."

"I referred to my watch, and I saw—"

"An hour ago you discovered your loss."

"Yes," he replied, "I had just put on my watch when I discovered it."

"Yes; it was forced open."  
"We had better go at once and examine," I suggested.

So we proceeded in the old gentleman's carriage, in which he had come to our office, to his residence on Fifth avenue.

The house was a gorgeous affair, both inside and out.

Hiram and I examined the drawer. It was as plain as the nose on one's face—I mean the way it had been forced open.

I instantly "tumbled" to the little game. I saw by Hiram's face that he was as wide awake as myself.

From the position of the room and the time of the robbery, as well as from the manner in which the drawer had been forced open, it was clear to me that an inmate of the house had done the job.

"Does any member of your household own a Bowie knife about eight inches long?" I guessed the length of the blade by the width, which I already knew.

"Yes; my son," answered the old gentleman, sadly.

I would have told him right off who the robber was, but I didn't want to appear too smart.

"Does your son reside with you?"

"Yes."

"Will you show me to his room?"

We proceeded up to the next floor, and in the son's room, carelessly thrown down in the closet, was the Bowie knife that he had used to force open the drawer.

"I'm afraid your son is the man, sir," I said, and I really pitied the old gentleman.

"I'm afraid so, too," he said, with a sigh; "that's the reason I came to you. He said, after I discovered the loss, that he could probably get them back by paying the thieves two or three thousand dollars."

This struck me as being one of the coolest operations that I had ever heard of.

"I suppose I will have to do it," continued the old gentleman, sadly; "he is going to stop him."

"Send him to Sing Sing," said Hiram, curtly.

"I couldn't do that, gentlemen; he is my only son," said the old man, quickly. "I suppose I shall have to pay the money."

"I think I can get 'em back for about a hundred," said I, after thinking for a moment.

"Indeed!" cried the old gentleman, eagerly.

"Yes; of course he's taken the diamonds out of the house and hid 'em somewhere. Now my plan is this: We'll bring a hack, get him out of the house some way after dark, slap him in the back, carry him down to our office, and I guess we can frighten him into telling where the jewels are."

"That will do excellently," said the old gentleman, quickly, his face lighting up as he spoke. "He generally goes out about eight in the evening."

"Is there any other young man in the house?"

"No."

"Well, we'll be here with the hack, on the other side of the street, about seven. If your son is in, why at seven exactly send one of your servants out on some errand; come to the front door with him, my partner will be on the watch on the other side of the street, and that will be our signal that he is in the house. If he doesn't come out, why we'll come to the house and take him—call him out and nab him."

"No more violence, gentlemen, than you can help," he said, earnestly.

"No, of course not."

Then we departed. As we descended the stairs we happened to look up, and caught a female head looking over one of the balusters of the upper flight of stairs, apparently watching us. I shouldn't have thought the circumstance any thing wonderful, but the head instantly disappeared the moment I looked up. Now, this was suspicious.

We left the house and returned to our office.

At a quarter to seven, exactly that evening, Hiram and I, in a hack, halted just a little way below the old gentleman's house, but on the other side of the street.

At seven to the minute the old gentleman appeared at the door and started a servant off.

"It's all right," I said, to Hiram, "our man's there. We had better nab him the moment he gets down the steps."

"Yes," said Hiram.

The hackman was in his box. He had been with Hiram and myself before on some of these little expeditions, and knew his business.

So Hiram and I sauntered over and stood on the curbstone in front of the house, apparently very busy talking politics.

We hadn't been ten minutes when the door of the old gentleman's house opened, and a young man with a slouch hat pulled down over his brows, and a coat buttoned to the throat, came down the steps.

I could see even in the darkness, that he had a sort of a devil-may-care way about him.

"Let's go for him," said I, to Hiram, significantly, as the young fellow stepped upon the pavement.

We went for him.

We had the handcuffs on in a twinkling. He was a little astonished.

"You're my prisoner; don't make any resistance or it will be the worse for you," I said, sternly, flourishing a big revolver before his eyes.

Then we put him into the coach and he went as meek as a lamb.

"We'll take in that hundred," I said, quietly, to Hiram, as we got into the hack.

"You bet," he replied. "Hiram don't say much, but he gets more sense in less words than any other man that I ever met with."

On our way down-town in the coach, we amused ourselves, Hiram and I, in discussing how many years our prisoner would get at Sing Sing. Our game, you know, was to frighten him all we could. But he never said a word.

We got him up into our office and lighted the gas. We took one look at our prisoner, and—well, we swore worse than the army in Flanders.

Our prisoner was a woman.

A girl dressed in the clothes of the young fellow that we were after. The very girl who had watched and overheard us in the morning. She was in love with the scamp, and had saved him from us. She was his mother's maid.

The young cuss, thanks to the girl, got off to Canada, and we had to pay him two thousand dollars for the diamonds. We negotiated the affair for the old gent. But if you want to hear my partner swear, just ask him if he ever arrested a woman.

A precious Ring! was the Ruby Ring, about whose story Dr. Turner has thrown a deep and pathetic interest. Few keepakes of love ever had a stranger history.

## A Beautiful Ghost.

BY E. A. MEIKLEHAM.

It was early in the year 1832 that Mrs. Morgan came to live in our village—one of the prettiest hamlets on the Hudson.

A cottage belonging to my mother, called the "Dovecote," was offered for rent. There were several applicants for it; but the only really satisfactory one was a childless young widow who signed herself Cora Morgan.

A fortnight after applying for the cottage, Mrs. Morgan took possession; and in due time we, the old inhabitants of R—, called on her.

My sister and I were among the first to call. Lena, a shy puss, dreaded going to see a stranger. I did not like it much myself; but mother was not well enough to go, so we had to do it, and we both felt anxious to have the disagreeable visit in the past instead of the future.

I remember the day we went, perfectly. It was a glorious afternoon, mild and sunshiny. Until then the winter had been such a stormy one that Lena and I had not been able to wear our new bonnets, and we donned them on that day for the first time. Lena looked lovely in hers; and, now that I am a matron with six little roosters around me, I feel myself at liberty to confess that the glimpse I caught of myself in the looking-glass was by no means unsatisfactory.

We had a slight quarrel at starting, as to which road we should take. Lena spoke for the fields, saying that it was a shame to walk on hard roads when the soft, grassy turf was so inviting. I said we were too old to scamper about the country, climbing over fences like children. Lena laughed, and asked whether I would hold the same opinion if Mr. Vinton's house were in the fields, or if Frank Seymour—who was studying law with his friend Vinton—had an office of his own in such a situation.

Strangely as it may appear, even this did not open the eyes of our gentlemen, who all appeared eager to exonerate the young widow from blame.

Although so long a time has passed since then, I still feel ashamed to acknowledge how jealous I was of that beautiful woman, now lying far from all envy or contention in her cold, lonely grave—an object of pity to some, and execration to others.

For all this, it was not to be. The offer was made, and refused immediately, and without any excuse being offered, on Mrs. Morgan's part, for the encouragement which she had so openly given him!

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would let her join our walks—as she was a good walker, and anxious to extend her knowledge of the neighborhood.

Lena and I terminated our call with reluctance, so agreeable had our strange hostess made herself.

On further acquaintance, however, our admiration for Mrs. Morgan greatly diminished; whether it was that she no longer exerted herself to please us, or that on closer acquaintance her character became naturally unfolded to our view, I can not say; but certain it is, that the fair stranger had not lived six months in R— before the ladies of the village had decided that she was wanting in sincerity and kind-heartedness.

About that time a circumstance transpired which turned our doubts into certainty; but, before telling of it, I must confess that the masculine inhabitants of the neighborhood did not agree with the feminine portion in their opinion of Mrs. Morgan. On the contrary, they all admired her extremely; and seemed inclined to attribute the ladies' judgment upon her to jealousy. Two of the gentlemen, Mr. Talmage, a young Episcopalian clergyman, and Henry Vinton, were particularly devoted to her. Mr. Talmage's attentions became so marked that no doubt could be entertained of his intentions; and, as he appeared to meet with no repulse, we all looked forward to the engagement as certain.

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Although so long a time has



reached a state of passive yielding, as the drowning man at last ceases to strive against the overwhelming element.

She waited until George Matthews went to the bank. Then she went down to her foster-mother.

The good woman had been very anxious about her.

"My darling, I have been up to your room several times," said she, "and you wouldn't let me in."

"Oh, mother! I could not. I am going away. I can not stay here another day."

"Why, Meta!" exclaimed the banker's wife; and she could not utter another word for the pain she felt.

"Yes, mother, I must go," said Meta again.

And her face was whiter than her snowy wrapper, while deep lines of suffering told of the night's struggle, and the swollen eyes, of the weeping.

"Child—Meta! oh, what do you mean?" asked the banker's wife, with a face as pale as Meta's.

"I can not tell you, mother. Oh, you never can know what misery it gives me to leave you, my second mother, and my dear pa, but something stronger even than love drives me from you. I must not stay! Oh, I can not—can not! Another night like the last would kill me."

Unknown to her, the banker had appeared at the door, and listened in mute surprise to her words.

"What is the trouble with my little daughter?" he asked.

Meta started in affright; and when he saw her face, he cried in alarm:

"Wife! wife! what is it? Why she looks like death!"

"I don't know, Charles. She is going away. We are going to lose her."

"No—no!" cried the banker. "We have lost Paul—we can not give up Meta!"

"Lost Paul?" cried his wife.

"He will not come back," said the banker, with a look half-stern, half-sad.

"But why do you wish to leave us, Meta?"

"Don't, pa! please do not!" implored the suffering girl. "You have been too kind. I have wronged you by accepting all this kindness and love. I am not worthy of it. But it was so very pleasant, and made me so happy for a while. It is all over now. I must bid you good-by, dear Mr. Matthews and mother."

The banker was about to remonstrate, but his wife took his arm and led him from the room.

"Charles, we can not help it. Her secret is not for us to know. She and Paul were sent to us in place of our own. We have sent Paul away, and Meta must now follow."

"Oh, God!" exclaimed the stricken man. "And I loved them so."

"Thy will be done!" murmured the good wife, but her heart was breaking.

Never did Meta before realize the love of these childless people as she did when, all ready for her departure, she went into the parlor to say good-by. She found them both in tears.

"Must you go?" implored the banker.

How hard it was for her to say that she must.

"Then good-by, my darling; but come back to us if you can."

She kissed them and hurried away, her hand heavier by the weight of a well-filled purse.

"You are going after Paul?"

Meta met the baleful look of George Matthews' eyes, but made no reply.

"He is a thief—a felon!" he hissed.

Thus they parted.

## CHAPTER XVI.

### THE STREET FRIENDS.

"I don't want to be hard on you, miss. I wouldn't say a word, only you know I must have my bread and butter as well as you, and I have nothing to depend upon but the rent; so if you can't pay me, I shall have to set you into the streets."

The speaker was a stout, well-dressed gentleman of middle age, and the listener was a young girl not out of her teens—pretty Ella Martin.

The white, scared face that she held up to him, should have aroused some pity in his heart, but it was harder than the stone pavement on which he stood.

"You say you have no money?"

"Not a cent," answered Ella, quite abstractedly.

"Then, miss, I'll help you get out what few movables you have."

"I have nothing to move," she said, staring at him in a listless sort of way.

"We'll see about that, miss."

And he made a movement as if to push her aside; but he was met by a savage growl that sent him half way across the street.

"Whose dog is that?" he asked, yet trembling with the fright he got.

"Mine, sir. Back, Prince!"

"Well, are you going?—you and the dog?"

"Yes, sir," said Ella, going into the house. "Stay here, Prince, and don't let him in. I don't like him."

The man stepped further away when he saw that Prince was alone, and took his station near a door; for who could tell what notion the brute might get into his head.

Ella soon reappeared and took her way up the street, with Prince trotting along

after her; and the man waited until they were out of sight, ere he dared to venture across the street.

So Ella Martin was turned into the streets.

The few weeks that she had been in the great city, had been marked by such trials as only those can know who have been placed in like situations. She had failed in finding her uncle James, and friendless and unknown, with no skill in any handicraft whereby she might earn the food, clothing and shelter which must be had, she had roamed about the city, to her worse than a wilderness, watching her little purse day by day, until at last there was no money left.

Then came the streets.

With a brain whirling dizzily, she dragged her weary way along. Close behind, turning neither to the right nor to the left, soberly marched the bloodhound, and half the busy crowd stopped to take a second look at the beautiful girl and her strange companion.

How the dumb brute had become endeared to her! He was her only friend. Patiently he bore hunger and cold; and when she whispered to him of her wretchedness, he seemed to understand. And he was her safeguard. His instinct seldom erred, and his low growl, coupled with a sight of his sharp, white teeth, never failed to clear for his mistress a wide berth, even in the most dangerous locality.

Ella wandered about until nearly night-fall, wondering where, oh! where she would lay her head. She was so weary; and she sat down for a moment upon the steps of the tall church she was passing. Prince laid himself at her feet, and looking up into her face, asked with his great, wondering eyes—"what next?"

"Ah, good Prince, I don't know what we shall do!" she said, in seeming answer to his look. "I am so tired and hungry. Are you hungry, Prince?"

He gave a low whine in answer.

"Yes, I know you are. Well, we must beg a little. There is a lady coming now. She has her purse in her hand. I know she will not let me starve. She is young and good."

The suffering girl watched her as she slowly approached, but before she reached the spot where the two were waiting so anxiously, a man darted from a by-way, and snatching the purse, started to run.

"Oh, Prince!" cried Ella. "It is gone! The purse! No supper—no bed!"

Then there came another thought.

"Take him, Prince!" she shouted, clapping her hands to spur him on.

But all he needed was the word. With a few long, rapid leaps, he reached the thief. Then there was a short struggle, a moment of cursing by the man, and the dog's snarling; then all was still.

"Oh, what have I done!" cried Ella, in alarm, as she hurried to the spot where the man was lying so still, with the dog's grip at his throat.

"You have caught a rascal," said a policeman, who had witnessed the whole affair from a distance; "or, your dog has, so it's all the same. Now call him off."

"Here, Prince! let him alone!"

Prince obeyed rather reluctantly, and the man, feeling no ill effects, save a slight shortening of his breath, sprung to his feet to find himself in the custody of the policeman.

"Here's your purse," said the officer to the lady, who had hardly recovered from her astonishment.

She thanked him, and then turned to Ella.

"I am so much obliged to you, my dear girl. What should I have done! It was all the money I had in the world."

"But it looks so much," said Ella, innocently.

"Oh, no. But you have served me in one thing; please do so in another, and you shall have half the money. I am a stranger here, and need a home. Take me to yours, please."

"Home!" said Ella. "I have none now."

"Oh!"

The exclamation was one of pain.

"No home! I know how to pity you. Have you friends?"

Ella pointed silently to the dog.

"I can not even call a dog my friend," was the bitter reply.

"Prince shall be a friend to us both," said Ella, brightening up a little.

"And you will be my friend, too?"

"Yes," said Ella, "if my friendship is worth any thing."

"It is worth every thing," was the earnest reply. "Now let us find some place to stay to-night. Then we will get some work, and be so happy. My name is Meta."

Yes, it was Meta, turned into the streets again.

"And mine is Ella Martin."

"Martin!" exclaimed Meta, trembling with dread. "Do you know James Martin?"

"I have an uncle by that name, but I never saw him."

"Thank God for that," said Meta, greatly relieved. "You think I am a strange girl, don't you? Well, I suppose I am. But, there is a neat little cottage. Let us see if they will keep us to-night. I do so dislike a great hotel where everybody is staring at everybody else."

The two girls went up to the door, and Meta rung the bell. A lady came to the door.

"We are strangers in the city," said Meta, "and have called to see if you will let us stay all night."

The lady, who was scarcely more than a girl herself, looked at the plain, modest attire of the applicants, and said, kindly:

"Your request is quite unusual, but I will not turn you away. Is the dog yours?"

"He is mine," said Ella.

"And he must go with us," spoke Meta, quickly. "He has just caught a thief who snatched my purse."

The dog now stepped up and looked the lady in the face, as though adding his appeal to theirs.

"I can not resist that," said the lady, with a smile. "Come in and welcome."

She led them into a pleasant little apartment, sitting-room and parlor combined, and while they were removing their wrappers, she went out to draw the tea.

She then called them to supper.

Prince was not forgotten, and enjoyed a huge plateful all by himself.

The meal finished, both the girls helped the lady, Mrs. Weller, to clear away the supper dishes, for she kept no servant; and then they all repaired to the room adjoining.

Ella frankly related her strange experience since arriving in the city, and Meta told the curious incident that brought them together. Of course Prince came in for his share of praise. Then good Mrs. Weller, happy in her new wedded life, had much to say of the loved husband; and the time passed pleasantly for an hour or more, after which the young wife showed her guests to their room.

Ella and Meta were both very tired, and they soon fell asleep, with Prince, who had very positively refused to be separated from them, lying on a rug at the head of the bed.

Some time in the night Ella awoke, feeling strangely, and, while lying there, wondering what had disturbed her, she heard a faint noise at the window. The room was on the ground, and her first thought was that somebody was trying to break into the house. Not daring to move, she kept her eyes fixed on the window, and saw a dark form draw itself into the room, and creep stealthily toward the bed. By a faint light through the open shutter, she caught the gleam of a knife. Palmed with terror, she could only lie there and wait.

Nearer—nearer crept the assassin, until he stood peering down into her face. How like him had Dora Martin once stood, yet Ella had escaped unharmed. Would she now? She was asleep then; now she was staring into the murderous eyes, for her terror seemed to give her new sight to see in the darkness.

She heard Meta's deep, regular breathing as she slept on, unconscious of all danger. She attempted to move her arm to wake her, but she had not the power. No hempen cords, no forged steel, could have held her more firmly than did that overpowering terror at the sight of the dim outlines of that midnight assassin, standing there by her bedside, just ready to strike the blow which would send her to eternity.

Once she would have coveted the stroke, so that it sent her to oblivion, and begged that he would not delay; now she prayed for life—thought her prayers, for her tongue refused its office—and implored Divine aid for her friend.

Ah, how hopeless! She saw the arm uplifted, and knew there was but a second; but in that second the thought of a deliverer flashed through her mind. With the thought came speech and motion.

"Take him, Prince!" she cried. Then she closed her eyes and awaited the result.

(To be continued—Commenced in No. 22.)

**The Lost Heiress.** How a lost and beloved daughter was recovered, and the great sorrow of a life swept away by a woman's faith, is exquisitely told in the charming "Romance of a Ruby Ring," now running through our columns.

## The Masked Miner:

OR,

### THE IRON-MERCHANT'S DAUGHTER.

A TALE OF PITTSBURGH.

BY WM. MASON TURNER.

AUTHOR OF "UNDER RAIL," "SILKEN CORD," ETC.

## CHAPTER XXIX.—CONTINUED.

ABOUT ten o'clock the next morning, a letter was handed in at Mr. Harley's abode, in Allegheny City. The old man received the letter himself from the hands of the messenger who brought it. He glanced at the superscription, and then tore open the envelope.

The letter was brief, reading thus:

"MY DEAR SIR—A week ago I had the honor of placing in your hands a letter with which I had been intrusted. At that time I could not make it convenient to stop over a half-hour with you. Being still, however, in Pittsburgh, and having some time at my disposal, I take the liberty of writing to you and telling you I will do myself the pleasure of calling upon you this evening, at eight o'clock exactly, at which time I hope it may not inconvenience you to receive me. I will, moreover, be able to tell you something of him who sent the letter. Please answer by the bearer.

Respectfully, etc.,

FELIX MORTON.

"P. S.—I have a little business matter to transact with you, and suggest that you have a friend or so present. Your daughter—I understand you have one—may not object to being a witness to the matter."

F. M."

Mr. Harley read this letter twice, and then calling Grace, showed it to her. The maiden's cheeks paled and then reddened as she read the clear, bold lines.

"I am glad the gentleman is coming, papa," she said; "for his visit may make you more cheerful. And then—oh, God! the news of him, now so rich!" and Grace turned softly into the parlor.

"And, my daughter, you shall see this stranger, too; he requests that you should be present," said the old man, kindly.

"If you wish it, papa," was the gentle reply.

It was night again.

Felix Morton walked up and down the limits of his splendidly-furnished apartment. There was on his face a well-marked, triumphant look; yet mingled with it was a foreboding anxiety. He had just placed in his pocket a brief letter, which, since its reception that day, he had read over and over again.

"Confound it!" he muttered, "has he forgotten! The hour is late, the time approaching, and he must assist me! Every thing else has worked so well!"

He paused and glanced at his watch.

"Only three quarters of an hour more, and I wouldn't be a minute behind time for—Ha! at last!"

As he spoke, a decided ring sounded on the bell. In a moment or so, after respectfully rapping, old Ben entered the apartment.

"You are late, Ben—Mr. Walford," said the stranger, vexatiously; "but I am glad you are here. You must help me in this matter, you know."

"I had not forgotten, sir. I was coming, of course; and I have business—serious business, with you, my—Mr. Morton." And the old miner's face was as solemn as were his words.

Mr. Morton started.

"Serious business? Well, quick with it. We have no time to lose."

"Exactly, sir. Well, Mr. Morton, I have just had a visitor at my cabin. The man, Laurence, you know, a good fellow and a true comrade, was there; and what do you think he came for? Why, sir, he—"

and old Ben sunk his voice to a whisper.

A deep, angry scowl spread over the handsome, white-whiskered face of Mr. Morton, as he heard Ben's news.

"This is serious! The scoundrel is desperate. But it is all so ordered! We must be wary and guarded."

He paused for a moment, as if pondering; but raising his head quickly, he said:

"Hurry around, Mr. Walford, to the police-station, and ask the lieutenant for two men. That will do. Tell him enough, but not too much, you know. We can attend to the rest!"

He smiled grimly as he felt the muscles swelling under his coat-sleeve, and as he glanced at the brawny right arm of old Ben, the miner.

"Harry, Mr. Walford, and come back at once. I must be dressed for this, my first visit—well and worthily dressed!"

The old man, without answering, hurried away. When he returned, which was certainly in ten minutes, Felix Morton, Esq., held in his hands—not loathingly, but tenderly—a queer-looking bundle.

Fifteen minutes from that time two men left the door of the elegant residence on Penn street, and entered a carriage—that of Felix Morton, the aristocrat—standing at the door.

One of these men certainly was old Ben, in his best attire, too; and the other, well, owing to the glaring of the street-lamp just then, a good look at him could not be obtained.

The little parlor of Richard Harley's humble house, on Cedar avenue, was lighted brilliantly—that is, to the extent of two burners. The shutters were closed, and the cheap, though lasting, chintz curtains were dropped to the floor. All was quiet in the room, though the clock on the mantel was somewhat obtrusive with its ominous clicking. The hands of that clock pointed to five minutes to eight.

Gathered in the room, nervous, sedate, anxious and expectant, was a small group. Old Dr. Breeze, the ancient and tried friend of the family, was there, calm, dignified and imperturbable; also, Mr. Harley, restless and excitable.

The most conspicuous figure in the group, however, was Grace Harley. She was clad in pure white, marking a wonderful contrast to her accustomed sable attire. A single white rose nestled in her lustrous hair, and her hands—somewhat tremulous—were leaning on a table.

"Tis late, and he comes not," muttered Mr. Harley, vexatiously. "Can he, too, be playing with me? He—"

"Hush! hush, father!" interrupted the daughter. "I am sure the gentleman will come."

At that moment a furious ring at the bell startled all. In a moment a letter was flung into the passage by one who hurried away. Mr. Harley, who had gone out to answer the bell, picked up the letter and returned to the parlor. As he drew near the light he cast his eyes over the superscription. It was his name and the handwriting was strange.

The old man nervously tore open the letter, and glanced hurriedly over it. All eyes were upon him as he walked unsteadily back into the room, letting the letter fall negligently from his hand. The old man, however, had read every word!

The crumpled sheet fluttered down at the

feet of old Dr. Breeze. The physician stooped, picked it up and read it. Then, he quietly and without any show of emotion, save a grim smile, placed the letter in his pocket.

The letter ran thus:

"MR. HARLEY—You no doubt think you are making a fine acquaintance in this Mr. Felix Morton! Be on your guard; he comes with evil intent! He is one known to you as an evil-doer in the past! But those will be here who will unmask him! He will attempt to abduct your daughter! Be wise."

"ONE WHO KNOWS."

"Oh, father! speak—what—what is this?" exclaimed the maiden, springing to the side of her parent, who was leaning against the wall for support.

"Alas! alas! my daughter—we are indeed friendless. This smooth-tongued man is a deceiver—a villain!"

At that moment the heavy rattle of carriage-wheels was heard. Then the noise ceased just by the door. The bell sounded, and without waiting for the summons to be answered, the door was opened.

Just then the clock struck eight.

Ere its reverberations had ceased, the parlor door swung back, and a strange sight burst upon the vision of the startled group.

There—brawny, iron-armed and independent—came old Ben Walford, clad in holiday attire—a broad, genial smile of greeting and satisfaction mantling his face.

And there—good heavens!—leaning on the old man's shoulder—erect, athletic, muscular, proud and defiant—was Tom Worth, the miner!

With one wild, shuddering cry of agonizing joy, Grace Harley, forgetful of all maidenly reserve, forgetful of every thing, sprung forward and flung her white arms around the neck of the humbly, coarsely-clad miner.

And Tom Worth, in a loud voice, cried in his old familiar tones:

"God be thanked! she's true as steel!" and he bowed his head with his curling Auburn locks, until his long yellow beard fell in masses over the maiden's shining hair.

A moment of silence, painful and awkward; and then, before any one could speak, the street door was burst open with a crash; and three men—one, his face concealed behind a long black beard, his person by a large, ungainly overcoat—sprung into the room.

"There he is—come to light at last! Now on him, my men—we'll see if 'two can't play at certain games!' and the speaker darted forward.

Quickly placing the fainting girl in the arms of the old physician, who eagerly clasped his charge, Tom Worth turned like a lion at bay. Old Ben Walford, stern, and terrible to look upon, was in an instant by his side.

"Hold! Stand where you are, or advance at your peril!" exclaimed the young miner, in a deep, fearful voice of warning, at the same time drawing a pistol. "Another step, and I'll spatter your brains on these walls! Now—now—the time has come when villainy shall be exposed! I have long prayed for this occasion, and yet I would have spared you! Now—for you have courted your exposure—I will strip your face of its false covering, and declare you the treacherous scoundrel that you are, FAIRLEIGH SOMERVILLE!"

As the young man spoke, he sprung forward with the bound of a tiger.

The two men met in deadly combat; but he who opposed Tom Worth was, before the young miner's brawn and muscle, a very man of straw. In an instant the false beard was torn from his face, and the long overcoat stripped from his form, revealing none less, indeed, than Fairleigh Somerville, the millionaire.

One of the man's companions sprung forward to the rescue; but, quick as lightning, old Ben, the miner, was upon him. It was but one ponderous blow, and then another, and the fellow went down like a puppet. Springing upon his prostrate foe, old Ben clutched him by the throat.

The other—the man we have known as Laurence—stirred not; but on his lips was a smile of satisfaction, and of a triumph he had long looked forward to.

"Now, Fairleigh Somerville!" exclaimed Tom Worth, after a pause in this thrilling scene, "your day comes! I gave you a chance, and you have repaid my generosity by attempting this dastardly outrage. Nay, move a muscle, and, right or wrong, I'll shoot you through the heart!"

As he spoke, he placed a call to his lips, and blew a long, shrill whistle. Before the thrilling of the pipe had ceased, the door was opened, and two stalwart policemen entered with drawn revolvers.

"Tis over, sergeant; you'll have no trouble," said the young miner, quietly. "Now, Fairleigh Somerville," he continued, amid a complete silence, turning to the unmasked villain again, "I charge you with the abduction, over two years ago, of Miss Harley. I knew your designs at the time; yet I would have given you the benefit of all doubt, for I would, above all things, see justice done! You planned that abduction; these poor men, who by some misfortune fell into your power, were your tools, and executed your plans. From a marked resemblance between myself and that man there, who has at last turned into the right path, and he pointed to Laurence, "I was arrested. Hence Markley's evidence. The rascally plan

There was immediately a loud exclamation of surprise from all; the resemblance was wonderfully striking.

"I bore all, however," continued the young miner, "that justice, full and final, might be done. And now the hour has arrived when justice shall be done! Seize that man, sergeant, but let his tools go free; they were misguided—nothing more."

Without waiting for an expected resistance, the officer, beckoning his assistant on, sprung upon the fellow, enforcing the arrest with his pistol. Fairleigh Somerville ground his teeth together in desperation, and he made a frantic effort to get his pistol, as his eyes flashed fire at the man Launce. But he could not shake off the strong grasp of that brawny policeman! nay, all his boasted wealth could not now purchase his freedom.

Again Tom Worth turned toward the silent, almost speechless group huddled in the further corner of the room. His tall, muscular form was now shaking with excitement. Addressing Mr. Harley, he said, in a low, deep voice:

"I am Tom Worth, once poor and despised—once spurned and condemned by you! But, as Tom Worth, I now, sir, present to you this paper—a valuable one! I secured it at the pistol's mouth—working in the cause of right—from the villain there, who so infamously defrauded you. That paper gives back to you, sir, your entire property. Take it as a gift from Tom Worth, the miner."

Old Richard Harley took the paper from the young man's hands, glanced over it, and uttering a wild, joyful cry, staggered back against the table.

"And, my friends," and his voice was lower than ever, more subdued, and tremulous, "though you all know me as Tom Worth, do you recognize me now?" and in an instant he cast off his dingy miner's suit, hurled aside the yellow beard, and stood there in splendid array, elegant and stately, as the aristocratic, white-bearded Felix Morton, Esq.

But, waiting not for the amazement of all to subside, he continued, hurriedly and excitedly:

"But this, too, is a disguise! See me now, my friends, in my proper person, and this paper, Mr. Harley, will tell you my name."

He stripped the white whiskers from his face, and a stranger, indeed, stood there—a tall, exceedingly handsome man, far this side the prime of life—a long, sweeping auburn mustache falling over his mouth.

Old Richard Harley, trembling in every limb, gasping for breath, took the paper in his nervous hands and glanced over it.

"My God! CLARENCE, EARL OF ROY!" And, as Fairleigh Somerville, the prisoner, who had been a dreaming, almost idiotic spectator to this scene, was led out by the policeman, old Ben, the miner, strode to the side of the newly-discovered nobleman, and quietly, reverentially, taking the outstretched hand, said, in a low voice:

"Ay! my Lord of Roy, but—my boy still!"

And then, with a cry of a well-won triumph upon his lips, he whom we have known as Tom Worth, sprung forward and clasped to his broad chest the fainting form of Grace Harley, the faithful!

And over the two poor old father spread his trembling hands in a meaningless blessing.

## CHAPTER XXX.

## RETRIBUTION.

We will not lift the curtain on that last scene—that scene so solemn, so grand, at that hour so holy and hushed, when Clarence of Roy and Grace Harley stood in mute embrace—united after many days! On this scene we ring the curtain down.

We will briefly follow the fortunes of others whom we have introduced to the reader. We have seen how patience, long-suffering and love have been rewarded; it was a strange tale—not a natural one, truly—which did not have in its course the recital of merited punishment likewise.

The policemen and their prisoner had reached the Suspension bridge without any incident; but, as soon as they set foot on the abutment, Somerville, who had been very quiet, suddenly halted, and by a mighty effort, burst from the officer who held him.

Turning at once, he leaped into the street below, and sped away like lightning.

So completely were the officers taken by surprise, that the success of the movement was assured. They fired their pistols, but the bullets whistled harmlessly away. A vigorous pursuit was kept up, though the fugitive was never again in sight.

Late that night—about eleven o'clock—a dark form suddenly appeared in front of the old house on Boyd's Hill. It was that of a tall, slender man. He approached the door with staggering, reeling steps, and opened it.

"Thank God!" he exclaimed, in a husky voice, as he entered and struck a light. "Safe—safe! for a time, at least. Now, one more look at my secret, and then I'll be gone."

As he spoke he mounted a chair by the wall, wherein was concealed the secret panel. He touched the spring—the section gave way, and then the terrible grinning skeleton, in all its ghastliness, came in view.

The hardened wretch gazed mutely on; then of a sudden, a vague trembling seized his limbs.

Fairleigh Somerville, had undergone much that night.

"It was *thus* my crime begun!" he muttered, in a hoarse voice. "Ha!" he exclaimed; and he turned suddenly, as the wind, blowing rudely over the hill, flung the door open.

Unlucky movement! As he turned, his foot slipped on the chair. He tottered, and, in endeavoring to recover his balance, fell backward into the yawning cavity.

The sliding panel, jarred into action by the fall—started to its place with the celerity of lightning. A ringing snap, and the solid section had walled him in forever!

## CONCLUSION.

We have but little more to add.

Clarence and Grace were at last married. They cared not to linger longer amid the scenes where their troubles had been so multiplied, and the young bride eagerly consented to follow her noble husband to his grand old castle of Roy, beyond the seas. Old Richard Harley, too—now contented and happy, was anxious to go likewise. So he at once sold his fine mansion. As his title to it was unassailable, he had no difficulty in effecting a sale.

The very night following that of the marriage, the young nobleman and his loving, trusting wife, with her father, left Pittsburgh forever. They went to New York. Old Ben, the miner, glad of the opportunity of getting back to his native England, bade adieu to the "Black Diamond" and his little cabin, and accompanied the party in the employment of Clarence. In one week they sailed for Liverpool.

The tale of Clarence of Roy is briefly told: He was the younger son of a noble family, away in the north-western part of England. He was his father's favorite; but by his elder brother and stepmother he was hated. These two conspired against him, and managed to bring about a fierce quarrel between him and the hot-tempered old earl, his father. The result was that the young man was forbidden the ancestral castle of Roy, and set adrift in the world, without a shilling in his pocket.

He was a proud fellow, and he had gone abroad, working his way—had served in her majesty's Indian army—had lived in Calcutta, afterward in Hong Kong, and at last had found his way to the grand asylum for the persecuted—America. Then he had come to Pittsburgh. Long before he was known as Tom Worth, he and Grace Harley had met under peculiar circumstances—and met to love. But on that period—a dark one to the lovers—it is not our purpose to dwell.

The letter from abroad brought the young man in prison—as the reader will remember—by old Ben, was from the solicitor of the estate of Roy, telling the exiled Clarence of the death of his father—and of the consequent strife between the elder brother and the stepmother. The letter stated that the strife had culminated in a division. Then the elder brother had been suddenly killed in a fox-chase; and then, on certain papers being found, the law had dispossessed the stepmother of all the estates, save a small property as dowry. Hence, the letter went on to say, Clarence—or Tom Worth as we best know him—was sole heir to the large property, and, of course, successor to the title.

The solicitor had always been a friend to the disinherited son, and was in correspondence with him in his misfortunes whithersoever his wanderings led him.

The young man, as we have seen, heeded the summons, despite surrounding circumstances. On reaching England, he found a great deal of law matter to be attended to, which, before it was finally settled, consumed over two years' time. This all arranged, however, to his satisfaction, he bent on claiming his long-ago conquest, hastened across the water again as Felix Morton, Esq.—a gentleman of means—to seek out his first and only love.

Ten years have elapsed since the day Clarence and Grace sailed away from New York; and to-day the young nobleman—yes, he is still young—with his sweet wife and prattling children, is happy in his ancient castle of Roy.

Several years since old Richard Harley died at a ripe old age in the castle, blessing those he left.

Our friend Ben Walford to this day is the trusted steward of the old stronghold, and performs his duties to the satisfaction of all.

Hanging on the wall, in the library of the castle, is a small, richly-gilded frame. It contains simply a half-sheet of note paper, written closely over. A portion of it reads strangely, thus:

"—And the said Fairleigh Somerville hath renounced, released and quit-claimed, and by these presents does renounce, release and quit-claim, unto the said Richard Harley, his heirs and assigns forever, all that property known as the Harley Mansion, on Stockton avenue, in the Allegheny City, State of Pennsylvania."

To this sheet of paper appear as witnesses, two names, viz., TOM WORTH and BENJAMIN WALFORD.

Only two years since, on tearing down the old house on Boyd's Hill, two grinning skeletons were found in a secret panel of the wall. They were recognized, the one by a golden chain around the rattling ribs, as—ALICE POWERS, once a rival of Somerville in some love affair, and who had mysteriously disappeared years before; the

other—by a flashing diamond on the skeleton finger, as—FAIRLEIGH SOMERVILLE.

We must not forget to state that Launce and Teddy were amply provided for by Clarence of Roy, before he left Pittsburgh, and that these poor fellows, ever afterward, lived honest, exemplary lives.

Reader, our tale is told, and we have reached the point where we must separate, namely:

[THE END.]

**\$50,000 Reward.** The perils and shadows of life in a great city are not at all overdrawn in the intensely dramatic story, "\$50,000 Reward," now exciting so much interest in these pages. That young women are not out of danger, even in their own homes, is abundantly evident to all who know city life as well as the eminent author.

## Cruiser Crusoe: OR, LIFE ON A TROPIC ISLE.

BY LAFAYETTE LAFOREST.

NUMBER TWENTY-SIX.

It was the broken, crushed and mangled remains of Pablina's canoe!

Quickly my eyes were cast about with a horrid sensation of fear. If the canoe was thus ruthlessly destroyed, what had become of the girl? I sat down, fainting and helpless, on the ground. It was fortunate for me that the edible bird's-nest soup had invigorated my frame, or I verily believe I should have died. My heart beat wildly and tumultuously, as if it would have broken, for never in the whole course of my adventurous career, had such a dread come over my soul as this.

I had parted from her with bitter sorrow, but the hope remained that some day we might be reunited.

Now all hope appeared to have vanished into thin air, for there, where I sat on the sandy shore, I expected to find her mangled body, if indeed I did not soon fall over a pile of bones, at which jackall or hyena had been gnawing.

Raising myself on my feet, after some little time, I took the pole in my hand and began to beat the bushes, but with such a great horror and dread on my soul as made me shudder as I touched the yielding boughs. One thing alone reassured me. Not a sign was to be seen of the foul scavengers of the tropics, even in mid-air, where, floating aloft, they look down in search of what next they may devour.

I had to scramble through briars, over rents in the earth, through chasms of uprooted trees, and over toppling and unsteady rocks; but I found nothing. What did this portend, and how came that lorn and crushed canoe or dug-out in that bay? Where was its mistress? for that it was hers, I could no more doubt than I could my own identity.

It was a riddle I could not solve in any way.

But I would not give up—I would search every inch of the ground—I would walk over it in every direction, but I would unravel the mystery. First, by way of an experiment, I shouted her name, and the huge rocks gave it back in rich, melodious echoes, that went to my very heart. I had not heard my own voice for some time, and it sounded pleasant.

Hark! what is that distant cry? I listen with all my ears. It is the bark of a dog. There can be no doubt of it—a long, prolonged bark and howl, which is to me incomprehensible. It can be mine, for Tiger is miles away on the other side of the island.

I pressed my head in my hands, in order calmly to think, but it was vain. Wild fancies would rush into my brain, and all but drive me mad. Again I cried out, and this time, long ere the echo of the rocks had died away, the barking was renewed. I sat down upon that sad and lonely beach, and thought it was no time for hasty or premature decision. There was some mystery, which was not to be fathomed in a hurry.

After a while, calming my perturbed spirits, it became clear that night was coming on. Nothing more could be done ere morning; and coming back, and for very shame alone, not stooping and kissing the bark that had borne her from my shores, I made my way again to where my camp had been fixed, and after another meal of soup, composed myself to sleep.

It came, but fitfully; not that long, heavy and refreshing slumber, which is more conducive to strength and health than even meat and drink, but it does, from which one is awakened with a start, just as you reach the still and silent land of dreams. Some of the awakenings were cruel, for they tore her from my arms, and gave me again to despair and doubt.

There could be little doubt of one fact—unless she was with her friends, she must be somewhere on the island. She could not swim such a distance as intervened between the volcano and my more fortunate retreat. Such things have been recorded by travelers, especially of native women, but my Pablina was too delicate, too slight, too much wanting in physical power, to do such a perilous deed.

And thus the night passed moodily and drearily until the dawn was welcomed with a delight such as I had rarely known.

My first impulse was, after hasty refreshment, to ascend to the summit of the cliffs, and by walking round on the top, find out

some clue to the strange mystery that environed me. With this view, using my pole with a dexterity that was the result of early habits, I clambered up to the cavern, at the mouth of which still hung my knotted lasso.

Just, however, as I was about to clamber up, happening to move a little on one side of the ledge, I saw a streak of light fall into a distant part of the cavern. At once the idea flashed across my mind, that this was the way by which the bay was reached, and that my best plan would be to pursue it.

The birds and bats were still flying about, but with less of a horrid din than heretofore; so passing my pole forward, in order to feel my way, I entered the dark and gloomy fissure.

The way was, however, smoother than I expected, so that I gradually neared the spot where the light began to prevail without let or hindrance. I now became aware that this was the center of the cavern. It was lofty, and here and there fissures and holes let in a dubious and indistinct light. I looked warily around, and saw that the cavern went on, and peering into the kind of passage which presented itself to me, again I perceived a glimmer of light in the distance.

This was, then, my road. It had hitherto ascended toward the summit of the cliff, but now the path was slightly descendant, until at last it became level, when, gazing as through an open archway, a scene never to be forgotten came under my view.

A small lake starting from the immediate entrance of this strange tunnel, was dotted here and there with fairy-like islands, on which, through the trees, I could distinguish what were undoubtedly huts, and huts, too, erected with considerable care and pains.

Yes; it was a village, and undoubtedly the village of the gentle tribe of Indians to which my beloved Pablina belonged.

It was strange that no one should be stirring, that not a sign of any canoe or raft could be seen, or that no children should be fishing in the pellucid water, where a number of a species of trout were leaping in the tepid water, after a kind of may-fly with gossamer wings, which hovered over the water and covered every rock near the lake in countless myriads.

Hastily wading through a shallow run, I made for a narrow ledge of land which skirted the water, and hurried with frantic speed to find some way of crossing to the island on which I could just make out the village through the trees.

In five minutes more I was startled by a fresh and hopeful discovery.

A bridge of rudely-fashioned planks was laid from the shore to the first island, not more than six feet from the shore. This proved to be the case with the channel between each island, until I was close to that on which the village was situated.

Moving with the caution of a man who knows not what may next occur to him, and clutching my gun with a determination to defend myself, if I were falling into a trap, I crossed the last bridge, and stood in the middle of a deserted village—deserted, too, in a hurry, for several articles of use lay scattered on the ground.

The great convulsion had evidently reached to this spot, as the huts were cracked and ready to fall. I entered the first. It was simply made of four upright sticks, from which withes had been passed endwise, with mud and grass to plaster it, while the roof was a kind of thatch admirably adapted to its purpose.

This was evidently only a sleeping-place, and it appeared to my fancy the sleeping-place of two young women, for on each side of the hut was a rude couch covered with hay and straw of a coarse kind, plucked from the neighboring hills.

My heart beat with strange sensations as I examined this chaste retreat. Is there some sympathy—such as people say we feel when walking over our grave—when we stand upon a spot hallowed by connection with something or somebody we have loved? I know not, but true it was, that then my sensations were of the strangest—that they became afterward well to be seen in its proper place.

Lingering longer in that room than was absolutely necessary, I, however, at last tore myself away to examine the rest of the island village. Next to this little hut was a larger one, built very much after the fashion of the inhabitants of the prairies of North America, or of the copper-colored, small featured, long-haired Fellatahs of Africa. It had a small door and two windows, this being a novelty; and a projecting roof, to cast off the wet during the rainy season.

It had a few rough stools; something in the shape of a table; while a truckle-bed in a corner, made with coarse sticks and grass matting, proclaimed a certain degree of ingenuity. Some fishing spears and rude landing nets, with certain half-finished hooks and points were on the table, where also, stood a pile of gourd-plates, most certainly cut with a knife.

I sat down, overwhelmed with emotion.

There could be no doubt that the little tribe or family which inhabited the village, were of a civilized turn. Not a sign of any warlike propensities could be seen, and doubtless with these did Pablina dwell, until the terrific eruption and earthquake of a few days back had driven them to seek some more hospitable shore.

Sorrowfully I came into the open air and gazed around. The huts were seven in

number. In all were evidences of civilization of some kind. There were in one a knife and an ax of some rude iron, ozer baskets and grass mats, both ingenious and elegant; while there remained some scattered specimens of a red earthenware which is made by the women of certain African tribes, and burnt by stacking them with layers of wood between the rows as bricks are baked.

There was abundance of the calabash pumpkin, both in its manufacture and raw state. They had adopted the usual fashion of adapting this vegetable to their uses. When the fruit had begun to ripen they had cut a hole in the small end to admit the air, which causes the pulp to decay without injuring the rind. Some make the incision round the fruit, at about one-third from the smaller end, and thus a vessel with a neatly-fitting lid is produced without further trouble. The size of the calabash varies greatly. Some are as small as a tea-cup, while others will hold three or four gallons.

In some of these vessels were the remains of a meal that had been in preparation when they were disturbed by the eruption, which had doubtless the more alarmed the inhabitants, that a cursory glance showed me a heavy fall of hot ashes had startled them. It lay about in every direction, on the roofs of the houses and on the ground.

I gladly ate of one of the preparations, which I found to be Indian corn mixed with a strong sauce, made of beef and fish, and flavored with salt and Cayenne pepper, which grew, I noticed, in abundance round the village. It was very palatable and nutritious. There were yams, too, piled up in a corner.

But it was in vain to stand by regretting the absence of the owners of this peaceful and calm retreat. All I could do was to continue my search. A pathway indicated that there was a second outlet to the village, which led in the opposite direction to that by which I had come.

It took me across one or two smaller islands, to the skirt of a wild and gloomy wood, over which the trees arched so densely as to exclude the light of day, but, fortunately, the underwood was very slight, and did not in any way interfere with my progress.

What might have been the case had the eruption not have interfered, I know not, but the woods were utterly abandoned by every living thing, which added to their solemnity and grandeur.

About a mile from the village, following a beaten path, I saw before me an opening in the forest, where the trees were not quite so close together, and where a lovely little clearing exhibited its bright array of flowers and shrubs to the view.

But what startled me was a clear and pellucid pool, in the center of which bubbled up a spring, and on the borders of which was a graceful bower all overgrown with creeping and flowering plants—a very faint imitation of my summer-house on the island.

I hurriedly entered it and sat down upon a seat. Then my eyes were cast down upon the ground, and I saw distinctly the impression of two pair of naked feet. One mark I could have sworn was left there by Pablina, but the other—

It turned out the toes in a way decidedly European and civilized.

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## THE DRAYMAN'S WARELE

BY JOE JOY, JR.

My father was my mother's wife,  
He was a fine old man,  
But left no policy on his life  
When he joined the cherub van:  
He left me nothing in the world  
But this here noble gray,  
And ever since that time I've been  
A-driving of the dray.

There's nothing that I like so well,  
As when I've got a load,  
As to go down the crowded street  
The monarch of the road,  
I like to see them turn each side,  
I like to hear them say:  
"Look out now for that fellow there  
A-driving of the dray."

Sometimes a fellow drives along,  
As zis his hire on tick,  
And keeps the mid of the road  
As straight as any stick,  
I teach him to be mannerly  
Quite in the regular way,  
I suddenly nab his wheel  
A-driving of the dray.

Of course my heart is hardly free,  
There's a girl I love,  
She boards at No. 73,  
Where she runs a cooking-stove,  
And of course I always have to sing  
Whenever I go by,  
And she looks out the door and says:  
"Oh, William, how's your eye?"

There'll be a match one of these days,  
As will take you by surprise,  
And you'll find the draying business  
Is bound to take a rise,  
And bachelors shall hold their heads,  
And dry-goods clerks shall say:  
"Oh, how sublime is this thing,  
To be driving of the dray!"

## Elfie, the Witch;

OR,  
The Wrecker's Secret.

BY JOSEPH E. BADGER, JR.

"HELP! for the love of God, help!"

Such was the cry that rang out over the curling waves upon that cool summer's eve, in tones that told of some great peril, or of intense bodily anguish. It echoed over the foam-tossed waves that beat themselves into spray upon the sharp-jagged reefs, or else sped onward to spend their force upon the level sandy beach.

It floated past the little collection of rude huts that studded the shore beyond high-tide mark, and was echoed back by the screaming gulls as they sailed to and fro, as if exulting in the fun of the short-lived tempest, or "white squall" that had caused these appeals for help.

The huts appear deserted, as does the coast, with the exception of one figure that glides rapidly down to the beach, where is moored a tiny painted skiff, tossing like a cork upon the waves. It is a weird-looking figure, whose garments proclaim it to be of the softer sex, that steps firmly into the boat, and, after casting off, takes up the light oars and plies them with an adroitness that speaks well for her teacher.

As the skiff heads toward the point from whence sounds the cry for help, the girl—she is not more—utters a clear encouraging cry. A cry that one would involuntarily liken to that of the wild sea-bird that hovers overhead, in its peculiar tones, but yet it is musical, were one in a position to be critical.

But the only person there was near to hearken to the cry, him for whom it was intended, was not in that position, and only knew that help was nigh at hand. Then, as the frail boat was adroitly rounded to beside him, he placed one hand upon the gunwale and muttered:

"I fear my—miss, that you'll have to help me; my arm is broken, and even as he nearly fainted from the exertion, he fixed his eyes wonderingly upon the dark, elfish face that was bent over his own.

"All right, sir," she promptly rejoined, as she passed her arms around his body. "Now then; yo' heave, oh!" and with an exertion of strength that ill accorded with her slight form, she lifted the wounded youth over the side into the boat, tenderly placing the injured member across his breast.

The youth gave a grateful glance at her dark face as she once more resumed the oars, and then muttered, as his eyes closed heavily:

"You are very kind and brave. You saved my life. Who are you?"

"I? why, don't you know?" wonderingly asked the girl. "I thought everybody knew that I'm only Elfie, the Witch."

"Elfie, the Witch!" and murmuring the words, the youth sank into a swoon.

In a few moments the boat touched the beach, and, leaning lightly out, she who called herself Elfie, drew the little boat up on the sand, and then ran up to the door of one of the wretched hovels, opening it without ceremony, and then woke up an old woman who lay slumbering upon the bed.

With a few hasty words Elfie explained what had happened, and then half-dragged the old woman down to the boat.

"Come, granny, you take his feet and we'll carry him up to the house. He's hurt awful, I guess, but maybe he won't die."

"Lawful sakes, child, if I don't really believe it's the judge's son up at the big house! It's his nose and mouth, sure's your life!"

"Never mind his nose now, granny; let's hurry, or he'll die before we can get help. Come, come!"

Together the two women contrived to convey the senseless man up to the house and lay him upon the rude bed still in a swoon. Occasionally a faint moan would break from his lips, nothing more.

"Dear, dear, what shall I do! I don't know nothin' 'bout sich fine folks. Ef 'twar one o' the men, now."

"Do just as you would for one of them, granny, while I run to the village for a doctor."

"Goodness gracious, child, it's all of—" "I know just how far it is, but he mustn't die for want of help," and Elfie left the house, speeding along the rugged road with a step as fleet and sure as that of a wild fawn.

In due course of time medical assistance arrived, and the broken arm was set, and the youth pronounced to be in a fair way of recovery. The doctor knew him, and let out enough to show that Granny Wilbur had been correct in her surmises as to his relation to Judge Clayton.

A message was sent to the Oaks by one of the fishermen who had returned, and the father came to remove the youth. But this the physician forbade, and he was forced to leave his son in the care of Granny Wilbur until such time as he could bear removal.

It seemed that Elfie Clayton was out sailing by herself when the squall suddenly

came up, and catching him unprepared, capsized the boat, dashing him against the reef where he managed to secure a foothold, at the expense of a broken arm; and then a call for help, which came, as detailed. And such was his first meeting with "Elfie, the Witch," as she was known far and wide, both from her peculiar looks and wild, strange habits.

She was small and of rather slight frame, but outdoor exercise had rendered her as lithe and agile as a deer. Her features were delicately molded and almost faultlessly regular, but, naturally a brunette, exposure to the weather had darkened her skin to a deep, clear olive tinge. Her hair, black and glossy, hung in elfish locks down her shoulders, in wild luxuriance; so that, taken all in all, her name and *soubriquet* were not inaptly chosen.

When Elfie Clayton convalesced sufficiently to venture out of doors, no one but Elfie must accompany him to guide his steps, or show him the curious places among the rocky piles, or row him along the coast in her little skiff. Somehow there was a great change in her, while with him, from what she used to be, and her wild, erratic actions were toned down into a quietness that set more than one of the rude, rough fishermen to wondering what it was that ailed "Elfie, the Witch."

They both were young and careless for the future, giving themselves up to the enjoyment of the present, without a thought for the sorrow they might be laying up for the coming time. Elfie was strangely fascinated by his little elfish companion, but he little thought that the mischievous "God of Love" was busily at work, weaving a web around his heart, that presently he might strive in vain to break.

He was scarcely twenty, but he was old enough to love with all the fervor of a fiery, untamed heart. And she? Ah, Elfie, too, was learning that sweet lesson, although as yet she did not know the meaning of the strange sensation that troubled her sleeping and waking thoughts. But the awakening was close at hand.

After Elfie was perfectly cured and had no further excuse for delaying his departure from the spot where time passed so pleasantly.



ELFIE, THE WITCH; OR,

I repeat, I will cast you off forever! Not a cent of mine will you ever handle, nor will I ever acknowledge you as son of mine!"

"And now, sir, listen to my answer," firmly replied Elfie. "I am young, and so is she, but we can wait. I am poor, as you hint, but I have brains, strong arms and a willing heart. I can work and gain an independence for myself, and she will share it with me. You are my father, and I owe you obedience, and in all things reasonable I am more than ready to render it. But in this you are tyrannical. You would crush two youthful hearts to a mere worldly pride. Disinherit me if you please, disown me if you must, but never will I give up my hopes of winning Elfie for a wife, unless I learn from her own lips that they are in vain."

The father reasoned and stormed, endeavoring to break down his son's resolution, but in vain. Elfie listened in silence, but with a firm resolve exhibited in every feature, and Judge Clayton at length ordered him to follow him home—Elfie obeyed in silence, without an attempt to see Elfie again that day.

Judge Clayton's agents were busy for the next four days, making covert inquiries regarding Elfie, but he gained scant information from them. That she was the child of Ben Wilbur, a fisherman and wrecker, and as some vaguely hinted, who had followed an occupation formerly, of a still more questionable nature. This man was now off upon a voyage, and no one could say when he might return; not even his mother, Granny Wilbur.

The next four weeks rolled on, the young lovers writing nearly every day, and discussing the future that lay before them, as it seemed to them, all bright and wondrously happy, where they would live in a little world of their own and be all in all to each other.

One day a ship came to anchor, just beyond the lines of coral reef, and lowering a boat, that impelled by sturdy arms, quickly gained the sandy beach. The knot of fishermen who had gathered from curiosity, uttered exclamations of surprise and greeting; then they slowly proceeded up the hill to the cabin of old Granny Wilbur, several of them bearing between them the gaunt, emaciated form of a man in sailor costume.

"When John Morton knew to whom he was indebted for his forced voyage, he insulted Captain Glassford, and challenged him to fight. Well, this was just what Glassford desired, and at the first land we sighted, a boat was lowered and the duel came off. It was conducted fairly and honorably, and Morton had a fair chance, but he was no match for his rival in sword-play and fell dead, pierced through the heart, in less than ten minutes. Glassford was hurt in several places, but only slightly, and after burying the corpse, we again made sail."

"Then he began his persecutions of Miss Deane, and terribly alarmed her, until one day she broke loose from the cabin, where she had been confined, and appealed to me for protection. I told Glassford then, that so long as I commanded ship, he should do her no wrong, but that they should be honorably married by the ship's chaplain."

He was only too glad to consent, and after I had a long talk with her, telling her how fully she was in his power, and that it was her only course, Miss Deane consented to marry him."

"So the wedding came off and we all had a jolly time for a day or two. In due course of time we made Havana, and the couple went on shore to live. By this time the lady had forgiven Glassford, and really seemed to love him, while he fairly worshipped her; so my conscience was set at rest on that score."

"It does not matter what we did with the ship, or what kind of life we led after that. I believe I have fully repented of all the sins I committed, at any rate, it does not matter now. It was nearly three years before I met Henry Glassford again, and then he told me that his wife had died, leaving him one little child."

"This he hired me to take home to his mother, giving me all the papers necessary to prove its birth and the like, saying that he might not return for years, as his health was so impaired that he must travel. Well, I came home, but upon the way I took such a fancy to little Elfie, and she to me, that I resolved to keep her as my own child, for I did not believe that her father would ever live to return. The papers you will find in my little brass trunk, and when I am gone, you must take them and—her, to Mrs. Glassford, and make what restitution you can."

"You know the rest. How I have raised her as my child, and how good and beautiful she has grown; just the perfect image of her mother. I often see the poor lady in my dreams, and—My God! look! there she is now, come back to haunt me for stealing her child!"

The sick man uttered these words in a wild, shrieking tone, sitting up in bed and pointing with a wild glare toward the window. Granny Wilbur sprang from her seat with a cry, and followed the direction of his outstretched hand, a cold thrill of terror creeping over her; but then she sunk back with a sigh of relief, saying:

"No, Ben, honey, it's just Elfie; she—"

The rest of her sentence went out in a wild cry of heartrending sorrow, as she saw that her son was dead—had died as he half-sat up in bed, with the vision of the woman he had so deeply wronged before his last gaze.

There is little more to state. After her season of grief, the old woman faithfully fulfilled her son's last commands, and as the proofs were ample, "Elfie, the Witch" was duly installed in the grand abode of her grandmother. Henry Glassford never returned, most likely having died in some foreign clime, as nothing more was ever heard of him.

When Judge Clayton found that Elfie was an heiress, he withdrew his opposition, and at the ensuing Christmas time, Elfie Glassford became Mrs. Elfie Clayton, and the young couple lived long and happily near the scene of their first meeting.

## Camp-Fire Yarns.

## Cole Runner and the Painter.

"PAINTERS, boyee, an' wuz'n a grizzlys on merny accounts, when thar back is riz; not so hard to rub out, prehaps, but I tell you, they ain't to be grinn'd at, not by no means, nohow," said old Cole Runner, as he busily polished away at his gunlock, which the rain had slightly rusted.

"But, Cole, it's all humbug about painters' carrying anybody off, ain't it?" I asked.

"Humbuggery, is it? No, s'fice, it ain't, not by a long jump, an' ef you'd like, I'll tell you about how one uv the varmints lited off Ben Rutherford's four-year-old," said Cole.

"Like it of course I would like it! Did the painter really—"

"Thar! thar! wait, an' y'll know all 'bout it afore I git through. Don't go a-guessin' an' spile the hull thing."

"You see, Ben Rutherford war a perlicker friend uv mine, an' I allers thort his little wife, Nancy war her name, war jest the tightest, bit uv woman-flesh that could be found in a hundred miles uv enywhar."

"I liked Nancy Rutherford from the very first time I sot eyes onto her, an' when she nussed me through a spell, an' a cussed hard 'un, too, I jest swore I'd go to—, or eny other place, ef she'd 't wanted me to. Well, that winter hed been a powerful hard 'un, I tell you, an' the varmints in the timber hed all like to hev starved clean, ef ar out, an' consequently they war ez vicious ez a rattler in dog-days."

"You see, Ben he hed located on the range down whar the Beech an' Rollin' forks kin together, an' the country down thar war perfectly alive with varmints uv one kind or another."

"Painters war plenty, an' so one day I sed to Ben, says I: 'You'd better keep the little feller out the timber, fer one uv 'em 'll kin him missin' one uv these days, an' then thar'll be the devil to pay, an' no Cole Runner clost to hand.'"

"Ben he lared, an' sed he reckined not, an' I went across the country to be gone two or three days, an' I left Ben a-settin' on a old stump, still a-larin' at the idee uv a painter toin' one o' his off."

"He war larfin' out uv 't other side uv his mouth when I got back the same evenin'. Sublin' tole me to kin back, fer not more'n half a hour before the 't other little 'uns hed kin in, an' sed a big dog hed toted little Eddie off, while they war down in the timber."

"Ben know'd what it war in a minit; he know'd now thet I war right, an' they tole me he war out lookin' fur the varmint's trail."

"I hopes, lad, thet these old eyes 'll never see the like uv Nancy Rutherford's takin' on

about thet young 'un as the painter hed grupp'd an' toled off."

"Ef thet woman hed uv hed her way, she wold 'a tackled the varmint toot an' toed nail in a squar, stand-up scrimmage. Ez it war, I overpersuaded her to stay at the cabin, while I tuck Ben's trail, who war arter the painter."

"In half a hour I ketch'd Ben, who war nosin' out the critter's track, an' together we lited it right smartly."

"By'mby I heerd the leap uv the varmint on the dried leaves, but couldn't ketch a glimpse fur some time."

"I sed nothin', fur I know'd, Ben, wold spile every thing by rushin' in ef he once heerd the sign, but kep' my eye skinned lively, ye may depend, an' afore long I sighted the painter jest as he tuck to a big ash as hed fell ag'in' another big ash, an' hed caught in the forks. Ben sed he a minit arter, an' then we both sed thet the cussed varmint war still carryin' the child, which it hed grupp'd by the back."

"It war jest as I hed expected, fur Ben throwed up his rifle to plug the pesky thing, never onit thinkin' uv the little 'un, but I war watchin' him, an' slipped my thumb under the hammer as it kilt down."

"Do ye want to kille the boyee? sed I, kinder savarageous like, fur I war mad to think a old hunter could be sich a fool, even ef he war the child's father."

"You're right, Cole," sez he, white ez a bullet-patch, an' a-starin' at the critter, which hed by this time got to the forks, an' turned to take a squint at us."

"The varmint's head war turned squar' to'ard us, an' thar war ez purty a mark, atween the eyes, ez ever I see; but lordy, boyee, thar war the little 'un a-hangin' from the thing's jaws, not two inches from whar the bullet'd hev to go."

"I sed thet the little feller move his hand onot or twice, an' I know'd he war'n' entirely gone under."

"Ben, sez I, 'the child's livin', an' I don't think the painter's teeth hev even tched his skin yet!'"

"My God, Cole!" sez he, 'can you save him? I'll kill Nancy!' an' I tell ye, lad, though Ben Rutherford war ez brave a man as ever looked over a rifle, yit I see two great big tears a-rollin' down his face onto the groun'."

"Ben, sez I, 'thar's a chance. You see, the child ar' held right over the forks, an' ef the painter war to let loose, he'd lodge. D'ye see?'"

"Yes, Cole," he sed, in a kind uv whisper like."

"Well, ole friend, I'm a-goin' to make thet painter let loose," an' I fatched thet old peashooter to a full cock an' sot the trigger."

"For God's sake, Cole, don't try it!" sed Ben, layin' his hand on my arm. "You'll kille the child!"

"It ar' sartin death 't other way," sez I; 'an' hyar we hev a chance.'"

"All this time, but 'twarn't a great while, nuther, the painter war growlin' an' slashin' his tail about."

"He ar' a-goin' to move, Ben, I sed. Shall I resk the shot? Quick!"

"Shoot, Cole, an' may God help the innocent little 'un!" an' I turned away an' heant his head ag'in' a tree."

"I've drawed merny a bead, boyee," said the old hunter, whose eye kindled at the recollection, "but never sich a one ez thet; I means under sich circumstances."

"It hed to be a dead shot, plum center, or the critter wold pitch the child out the tree in his rarin' an' 'arin' arter ben wounded, an' I hed only two inches to shoot inside uv."

"The little feller moved his arm ag'in, an' with thet I fatched the rifle to my face."

"I thort uv the mother at home a-waitin' fur her little 'un, ez I looked through the sights, an' ye may depend thet I draw'd fine atween the critter's eyes, an' then I let her go. Lordy, boyee, what a squall thet painter fatched; but when the smoke cleared, the brute war on the groun', thrashin' the leaves an' sticks, an' the child war safely lodged in the fork."

"In less'n a minit Ben war up the slantin' tree an' hed his boyee in his arms, an' a-shoutin' like mad. 'The little feller war'n' even scratched, fur the varmint hed grupp'd his clothes 'bout takin' up eny meat. We met Nancy comin' to find us, on our way home, an' I tell you, lad, when I sed her huggin' the little 'un an' goin' on, I war powerful glad thet I hed listened to the warnin', an' kin back sooner nor I intended."

## Beat Time's Notes.

To make a quick fire put into the stove a handful of shavings from a barber-shop, a handful of chips from a stone-shop, several limbs of the law, and some branches of the river. Another way is to pour coal-oil into the stove while there is still a little fire in the ashes. There are a good many fools who are not yet dead, and we would like to see them try this, as it has a decided tendency to thin them out a little.

I don't like to hear of persons innocently pointing loaded guns at other people, from the miserable fact that the wrong person gets killed every time. If the gun only shot backward there would be something cheerful in the idea.

If the money that is spent for victuals alone was given to the poor and the heathen every one would have a fortune. Why isn't it done? It's a shame.

Side views are the best. Many persons who pride themselves on their pretty faces would come to think differently if they could see their profile. It's rasping.

When I hear a fellow bragging that he writes on some great newspaper, I always have a suspicion that his talent is exercised upon wrappers.

Live to make others happy. I wisk the whole world would heed this, and each one would commence to make me so.

When I see a fellow sporting a large pocket-book, my first impression is that it may be full of bills—washerwoman's.

There is nothing that pleads for wifely influence with half so much eloquence as a hole in a stocking.

When I see a man on a cold day go into a store and warm himself at a safe, I always think of the pleasures of imagination.

Drinking men treat each other very gently, but generally fail to treat their wives very womanly.

Nor all the girls are in for woman's rights, but the majority are in for marriage rites. It is said that every tub must stand on its own bottom, but every mud-hole don't.

BEAT TIME.